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DIOGENES (LONDON)

LIGHT FROM THE LANTERN
OF DIOGENES



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THE
LANTERN

FROM THE
LANTERN

OF
JOHN BROWN

ONE SHILLING

Now ready, price 25s., or 6s. 6d. each, the first Four Volumes of

DIogenes.

CONTAINING MANY HUNDREDS OF HIGHLY GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS
AND, FORMING A COMIC HISTORY OF THE YEARS 1853 AND 1854.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Birmingham Mercury.—“We were among those who thought, that this rival of *Punch* would never be as pungent, or as popular as him of the dog and baton; but ‘time works wonders’ in this as in other matters. The Cynic of the lantern and tub is in a fair way to excel his merry friend in every department.”

Blackburn Standard.—“The illustrations are decidedly first-rate, the wit is racy and original, the satire keen, and bestow where it is most richly deserved, the poetry far above mediocrity, the jokes are anything but ‘dry’ ones, the sketches of character faithful as *Daguerreotypia*, and the dramatic fragments fraught with mirth-inspiring humour.”

Bristol Mercury.—“*DIogenes* continues to support a creditable literary reputation by the spirit with which it addresses itself to the passing topics of the day, and the engravings are many of them so admirable, both in point of design and execution, that they could scarcely be surpassed.”

Cambridge Chronicle.—“In truth, this same *DIogenes* is a sharp fellow, abounding in wit, and growing in one’s favour the more one sees of him.”

Derby Mercury.—“The Cynic Philosopher continues in the field, and makes his way to a high place in popular favour. Smart telling hits by pen and graver are dealt out fearlessly, in reprobation of ‘humbug,’ wherever that is found.”

Dover Chronicle.—“The cracks and jokes are many of them spirited, and convey a good moral. We heartily wish it success.”

Glasgow Examiner.—“There is no denying that this work displays much literary and artistic ability.”

Hereford Journal.—“Wit and woodcuts fill the pages, and command our laughter and approbation.”

Norfolk Chronicle.—“The illustrations are remarkably good, both in design and execution, and the text is cleverly written, and full of treachant satire, principally directed against political and social abuses.”

Nottingham Journal.—“Truly may it be said that *DIogenes* makes us laugh, whilst he whips the conventional or personal follies of the day. The illustrations are remarkably good, both in design and execution. *DIogenes* ought to be adopted as a humorous and satirical advocate of popular progress and political integrity.”

Oxford Chronicle.—“*DIogenes*, with his lantern, appears to be spying out many things, the descriptions given of which are piquant, and the woodcut illustrations graphically clever, in some instances irresistibly striking and funny.”

Pembrokeshire Herald.—“The matter, illustrations, &c., are all of a high class, the illustrations particularly. Its domestic and political satires are first-rate.”

Plymouth Journal.—“We were amongst the first to recognise the talent displayed in *DIogenes*, and a longer acquaintance has confirmed the high opinion we then formed. It is particularly good, both as regards matter and illustrations. While our laughter is frequently provoked by the humour and satire with which this descendant of the old philosopher of the tub exposes the follies of mankind, we are as often led to sigh at the dark spots in our social system which are laid bare by the light of his lantern. *DIogenes* is engaged in a noble work, and that being our opinion, it only remains for us to say that we heartily wish him every success.”

Somerset Gazette.—“*DIogenes* improves wonderfully. His blows at English slavery are worthy of being used to illustrate Hood’s ‘Song of the Shirt.’”

Stockport Advertiser.—“One feature we especially admire—the existence of no party predilection, and a desire to do justice to all. This characteristic will please Englishmen, who have an inherent love of fair play.”

Waterford News.—“*DIogenes*, with his lamp in hand, professes to drag down the giant abuses from their high places, to bring help to the helpless, and remembrance to the forgotten. Such sentiments do the old Philosopher credit, and so long as he perseveres in such resolves, he will not only merit but command public attention and support.”

Western Courier.—“Its merits are so great that they cannot fail to be popularly recognised for any lengthened period. Long and bright may the old Cynic’s candle continue to burn, and its rays reach to all parts of the civilised world.”

Wolverhampton Herald.—“The letter-press is admirable, and the illustrations are racy and piquant beyond description. Everybody should buy *DIogenes*.”

LONDON: EDWARD SHELTON, 69, FLEET STREET;
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

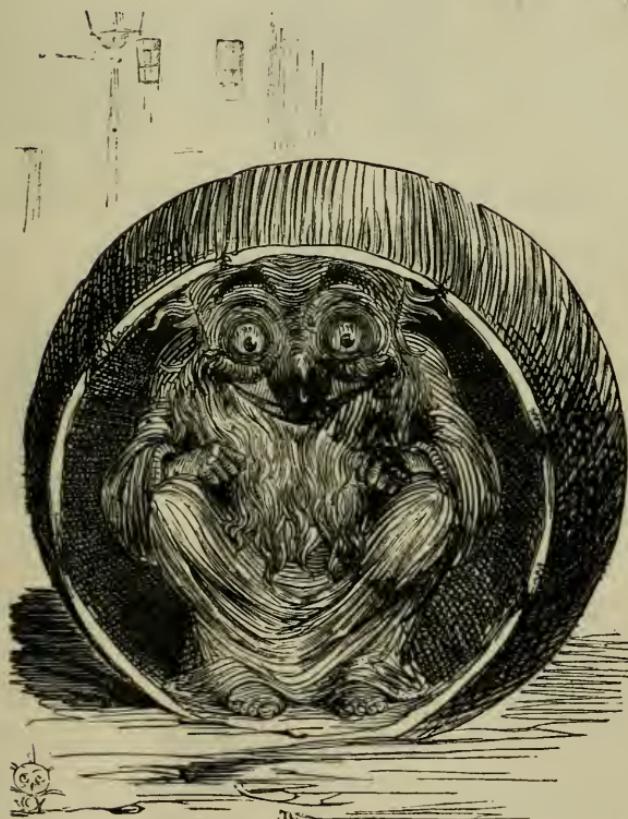
PRICE TWOPENCE, WEEKLY.

L I G H T

FROM THE

LAN T E R N

OF



LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY EDWARD SHELTON, 69, FLEET STREET.

LONDON

PRINTED BY TAYLOR AND GREENING, GRAYSTOKE PLACE, FETTER LANE.

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PREFACE.



EALLY we feel quite unfit to write a Preface, being fully convinced that nobody will read it. The attractions within the book are so great, that not one out of the hundred thousand people who will buy it will care to read what is said at the beginning.

We have been debating with ourselves for some twenty-four hours whether we should put the Preface at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of the book. We wanted to thrust it upon the attention of the reader by some ingenious stratagem—because we have something to say which Everybody would profit by, if Everybody knew it. But we give it up as a hopeless case.

Had we seen our way clear, we should have said that the Illustrations collected in this Volume have appeared previously in the pages of

PREFACE.

DIogenes, at the modest price of TWO-PENCE weekly. But as not more than fifty thousand persons have the sagacity to take that periodical in as it appears, it would be great cruelty to the remaining 29,950,000 inhabitants of these kingdoms, to deprive them of the pleasures afforded by the wit of DIogenes. We therefore resolved to admit them to participation of these delights upon the payment of ONE SHILLING. As, however, nobody will read such an explanation, it's no use making it.

DIogenes Office,
69, Fleet Street, London,
April 1st, 1855.

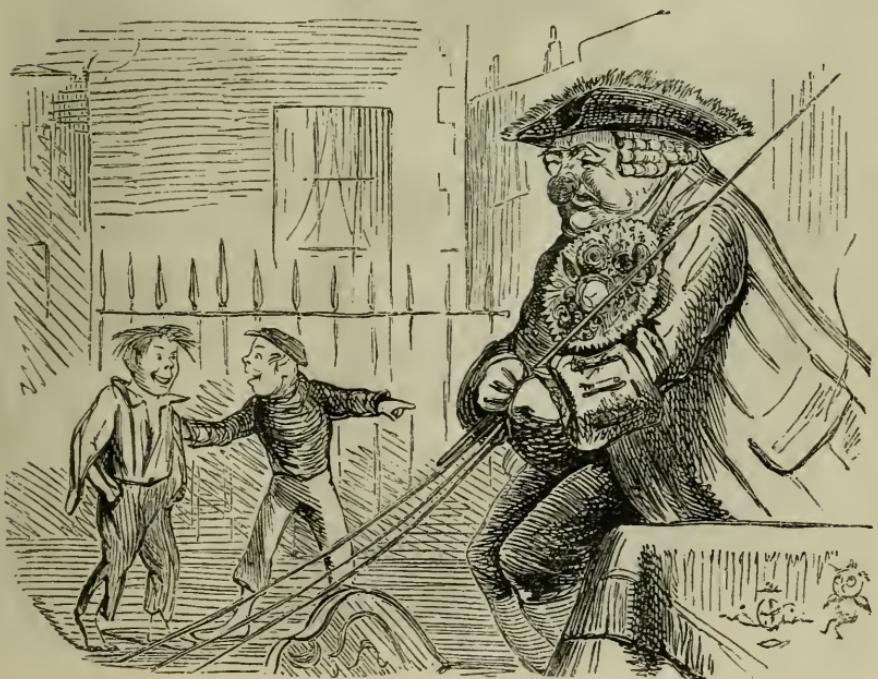


Master Charles.—“ More Pudding, please Pa ! ”

Pa.—“ More Pudding ! Why, I ought to be made of Pudding.”

Master Charles's first mental emotion.—“ Oh, crikey ! dont I just wish you were.”

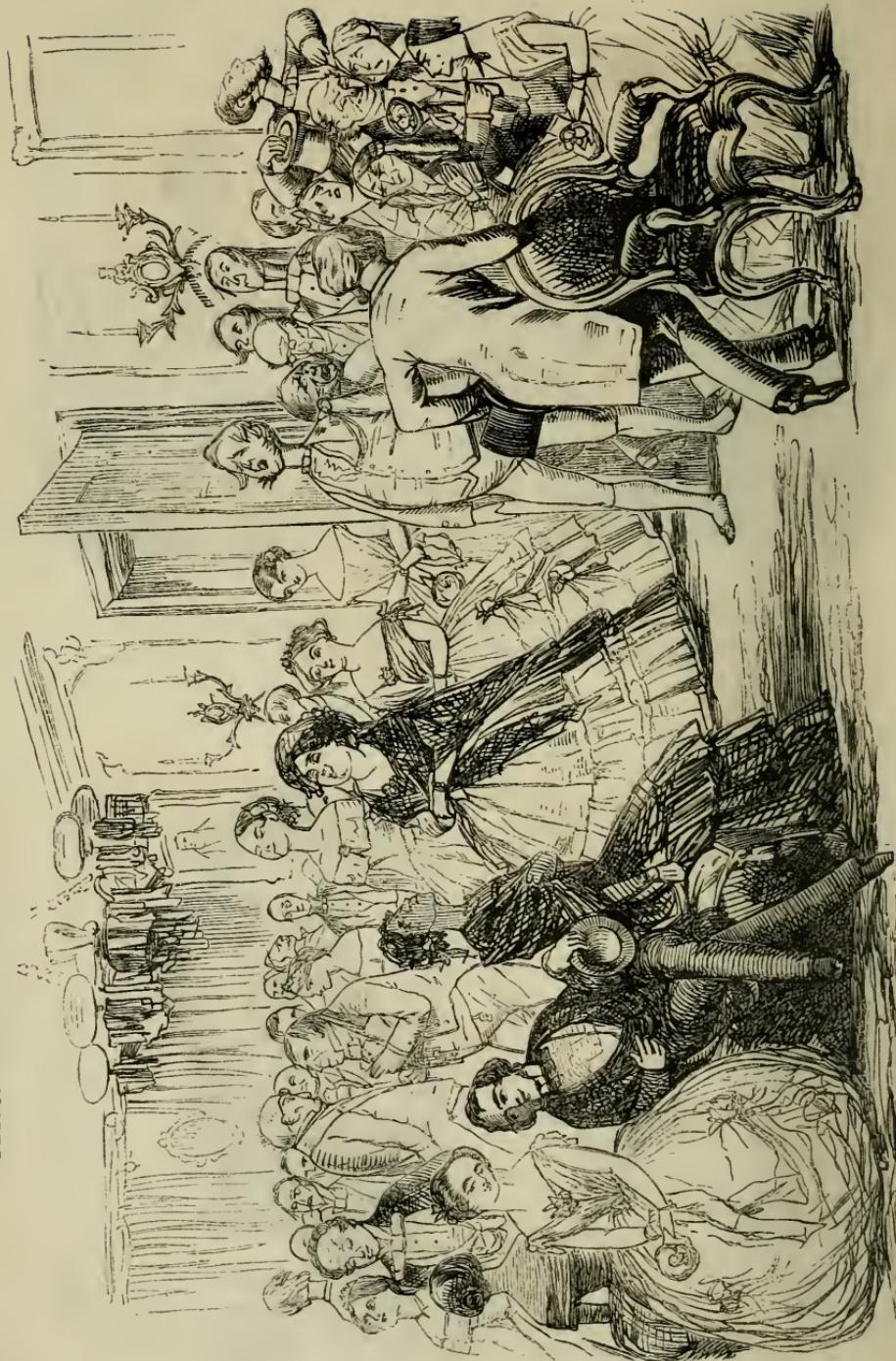
A PROMINENT FEATURE.



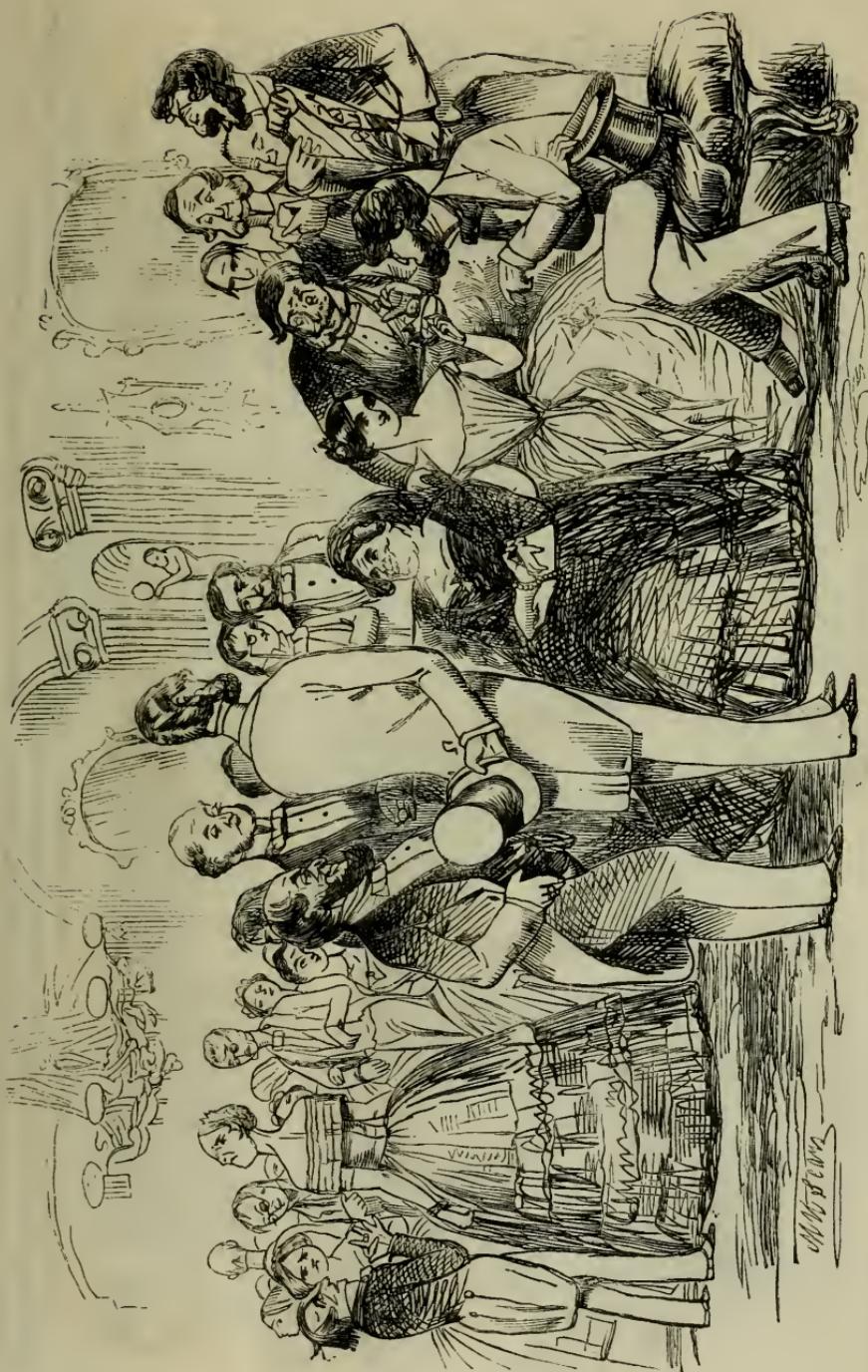
“ Oh, lawks, Tommy ? ain’t he got a stunning bunch o’ flowers ? ”

Tommy.—“ Rather ! and ain’t he got a wopping nose to smell ‘em, too ! ”

MRS. MARIGOLD AND HER "MARRYING DAUGHTERS."



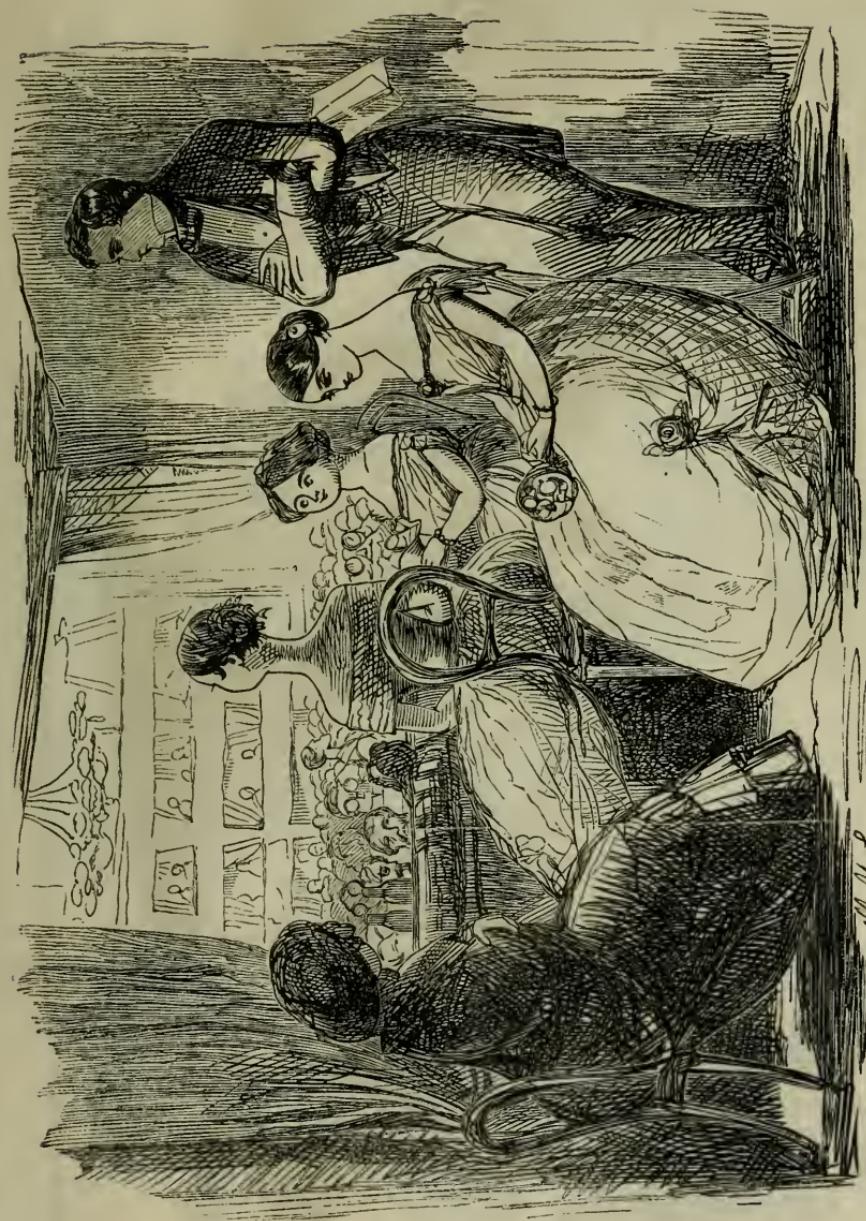
Footman announces: "Mrs. MARIGOLD, Miss MARIGOLD, Miss CLEMENTINA MARIGOLD, and Miss JULIA MARIGOLD." (Considerable sensation.)



MRS. MANGOLD, having requested JULIA to keep by her side, is disappointed to find that the gentlemen do not pay her elder daughters the attention so much desired. Oh! if she were CLEMENTINA! Ah! it always was so!



At supper, Mrs. MARIGOLD is much "put out" by a want of discretion on the part of her daughters. There's CLEMENTINA, instead of properly using the opportunity, giggling at everything old LORD MUFFINTON says; while JULIA, contrary to her Mamma's commands, will fire ~~with~~ CAPTAIN TARGET, who should have been tête-à-tête with MATILDA. "Foolish girls! such a chance may never occur again!"



Mrs. MARICOLD has taken her Daughters to the Opera. She thinks it is quite time for her elder girls to be settled. There's no hurry for JULIA, whose forwardness has frequently destroyed her sisters' chances. She must, therefore, be kept in submission.

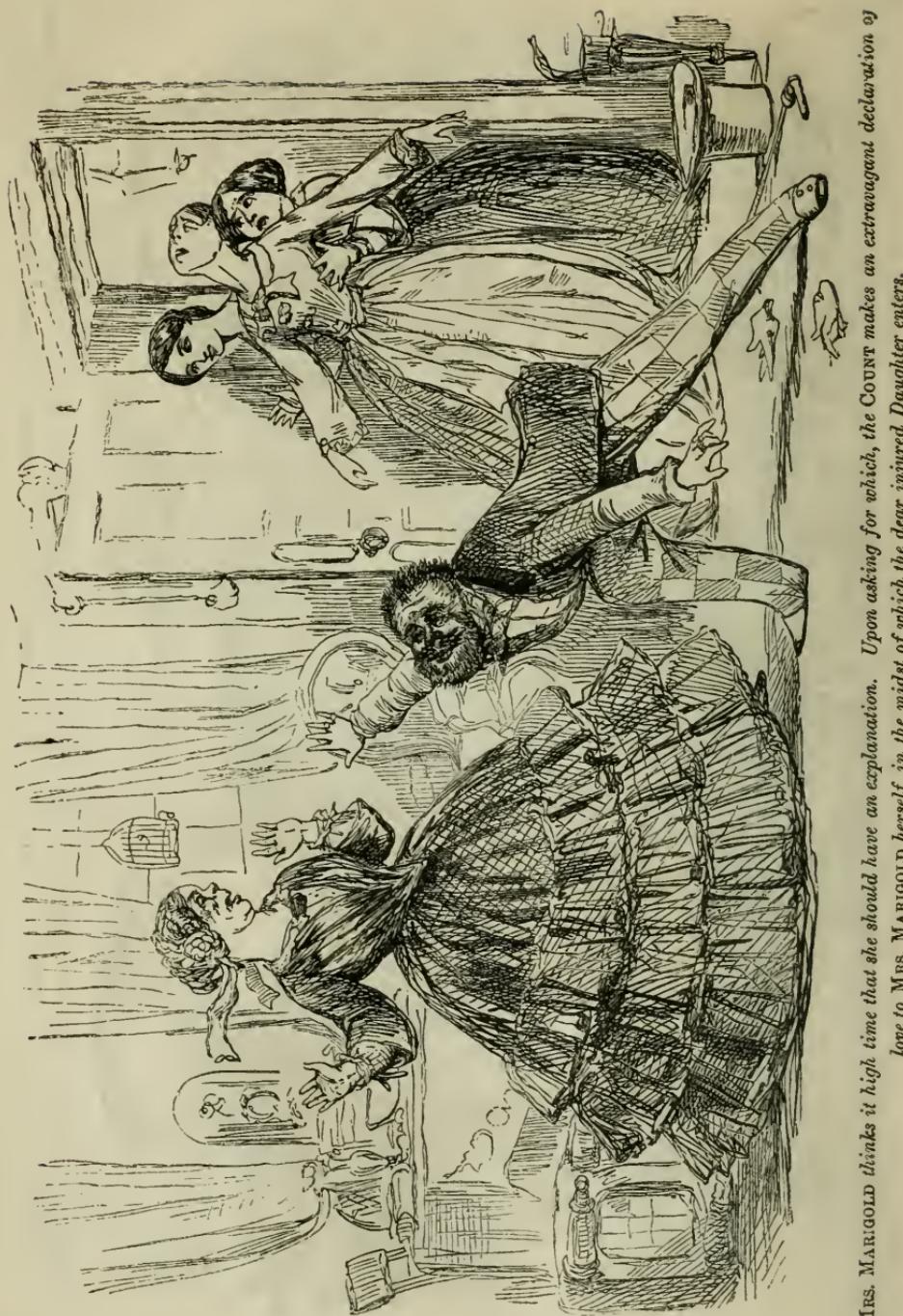
M. H. S.



Mrs. MARGOLD has sent JULIA upon a visit to a "quiet relation" in the country, and is now delighted to entertain LORD MUFFINTON and "that dear, delightful Count."



Mrs. MARIGOLD has got up a picnic. CLEMENTINA has made old LORD MUFFINTON chace butterflies until he is literally at the last gasp ; while Miss M., looking upon her sisters' conduct as highly frivolous, has taken up with a cruetty old Botanist, who isn't worth a sixpence.

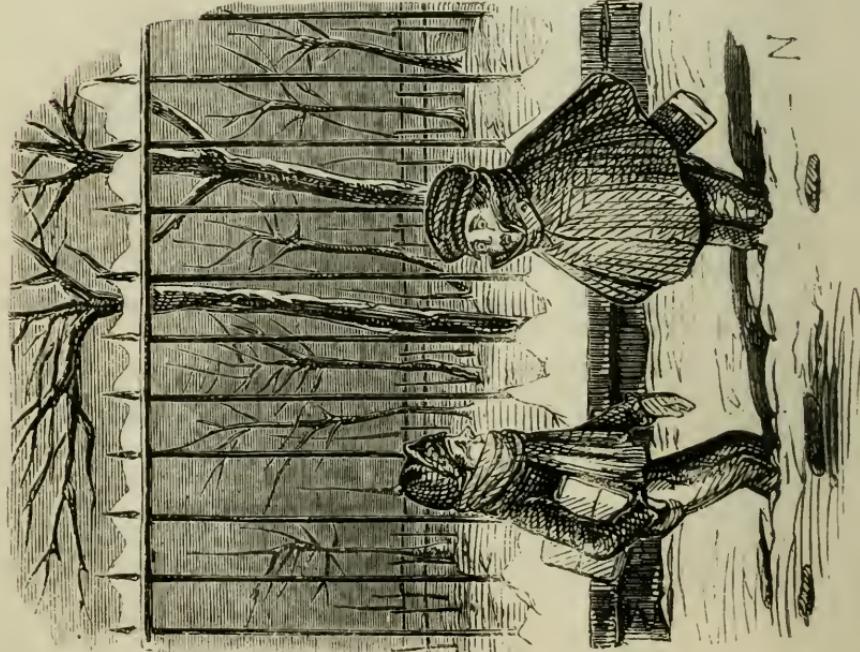


Mrs. MARIGOLD thinks it high time that she should have an explanation. Upon asking for which, the Count makes an extravagant declaration of love to Mrs. MARIGOLD herself, in the midst of which the deer injured Daughter enters.

THE CABMAN'S CREED.

1. The cab is your own, and those who use it at their option should be made to pay at yours.
2. As a whole day may be lost upon the stand without a fare, when you get one you should make a determined stand for high pay.
3. As whatever you charge must be considered "fare," never have any scruple about making unfair charges.
4. Upon the principle that if you "give an inch" people "will take an ell," so if you "give a mile, they will want two." You have, therefore, a right to charge upon the same principle.
5. Slow horses are better than fast ones, because they make the distance appear longer.
6. Dirty cabs are better than clean ones; because if people think you are well off they will fleece you accordingly.
7. As men generally deal with cab-drivers harshly, it is perfectly justifiable to impose upon their wives when you catch them alone.
8. Always double the fare, to prevent people coming the double over you.
9. Never contract for a fare if you can help it, for that will contract your takings very much.
10. As your horse is always sober and knows his business, you have a perfect right to get drunk if you like.
11. Smoking in your cab, while on the stand, is not at all objectionable. People who get into the cab, and don't like the odour, are perfectly at liberty to get out again upon paying their fare.
12. If you take up a short fare you can easily make it a long one, by going a round-about way.
13. When you think you have got a knowing customer, always leave the pay to his "honour as a gentleman." You can, if need be, insist upon your full fare, and by this stratagem you may get something more.
14. The chances of being summoned and fined are as 200 to 1; and by acting upon these rules you will be a gainer in the same proportion.
15. As any acts of peculiar civility are calculated to injure the interests of cab-drivers in general, you are requested to report any cases that may come under your notice. Members convicted of civility will be immediately expelled from the Society.

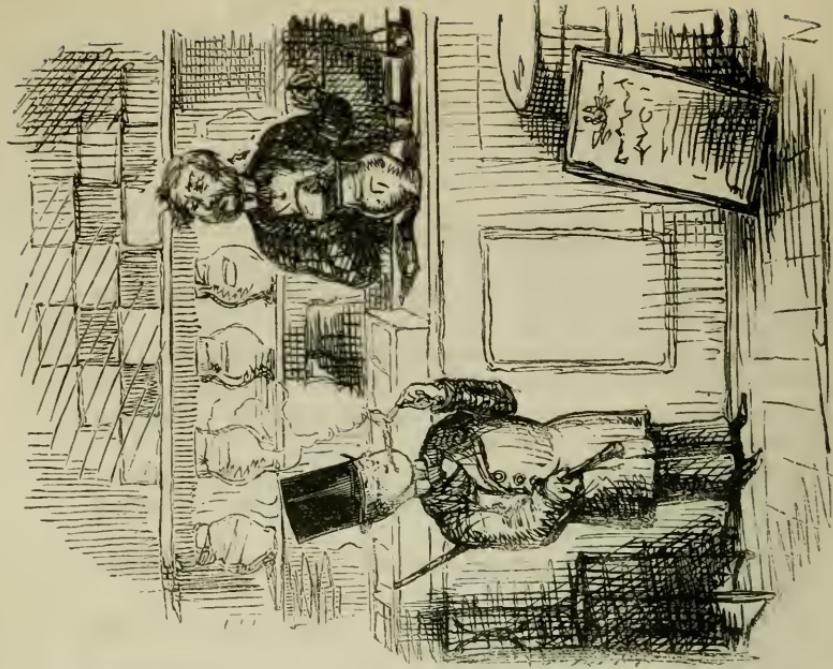
"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."



First Inhabitant.—"OH, TOMMY, AIN'T IT COLD, THOUGH?"

Oldest Inhabitant.—"AH, YES, I BELIEVE YER, THIS IS ONE

AN AUTHORITY.



Tobacconist.—"THINK THEY'LL DO AWAY WITH THE TOBACCO DUTY, SIR?"

Juvenile Smoker.—"WELL, THEY ORT, FOR IT PLAYS THE DOOS."

HINTS TO OMNIBUS PASSENGERS.

SUGGESTED FOR PUBLIC CONVENIENCE.

NEVER hesitate to hail the wrong 'bus, as you cannot be expected to read the large letters on the sides, and the time of other people is nothing to you.

When you get into the 'bus, tell the conductor the place whereat you wish to be put down; and, having done so, never care to look out for yourself when you reach the spot. If you go beyond it, you may then legally withhold the fare.

On entering a 'bus, if you carry a stick or an umbrella, be particular to swing it about with the point upwards. Taking care of other people's eyes is no business of yours; and the stick will clear the way for you a most surprising manner.

If the umbrella is wet, put the point of it into anybody's shoe; you will thus prove that you are a person of precise method, having "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

If you take the seat next to the door, thrust your legs directly across it. Whether the other passengers can get in or out easily, is, of course, no affair of yours, and you will probably prevent the 'bus from becoming uncomfortably full.

When you take your seat, sit sideways, and occupy as much room as possible. Everybody has a right to get as much as he can for his money.

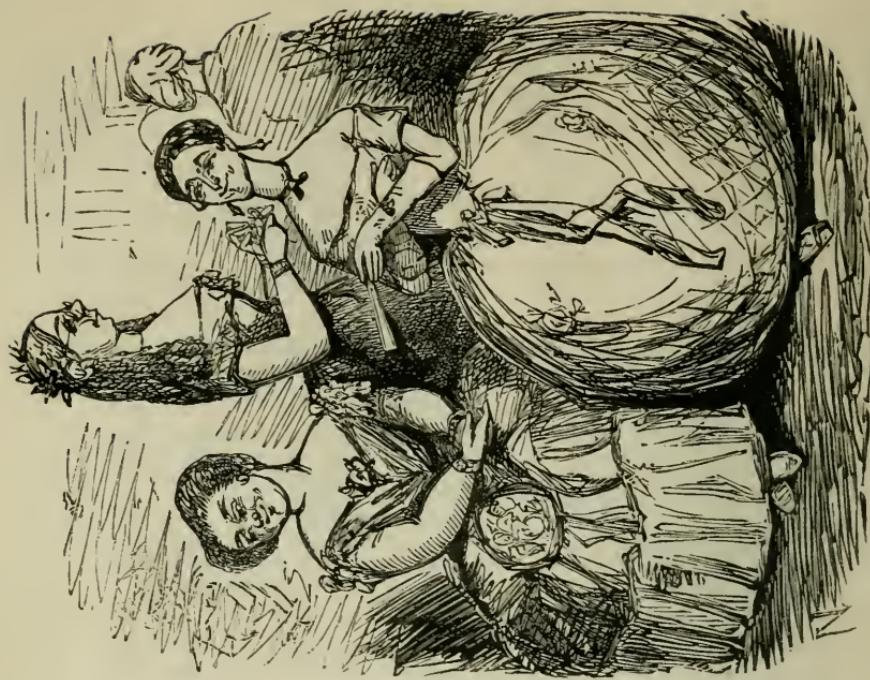
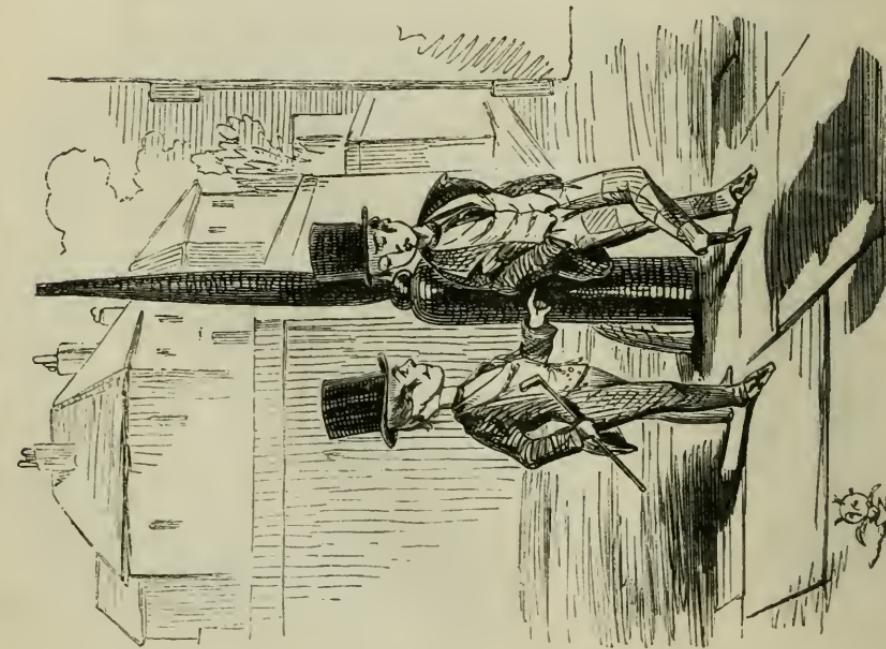
Never move to give a new passenger accommodation. You have shifted for yourself—let the new comer do the same. You will thus prove that you think yourself quite as good as anybody else.

Never get your money ready before stopping the 'bus. If the money is worth having it is worth waiting for, and you teach public servants submission by such treatment.

Always stand on the step to receive your change. If the 'bus moves on while you are in this position, you will be set down without effort to yourself.

Consider the conductor a public menial, to be pitched into and abused *ad libitum*. The point of an umbrella, or the knob of a walking-stick, will be found highly useful in calling his attention to your requirements. The ribs and the knuckles will be found the most vulnerable parts of his plebeian frame.

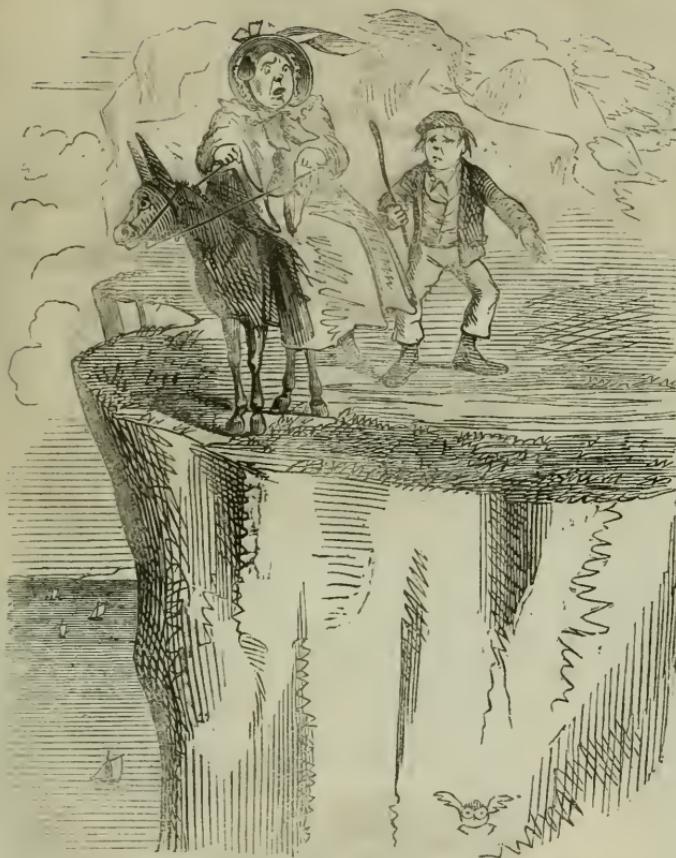
PATRIOTIC RESOLUTION.



"I perfectly agree with you, Augustus, that we ought to pay the expenses of the war, and not to tax our posterity!"

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED!

CONSOLATORY.



Old Lady.—“GOOD GRACIOUS, BOY, THIS LOOKS VERY DANGEROUS!

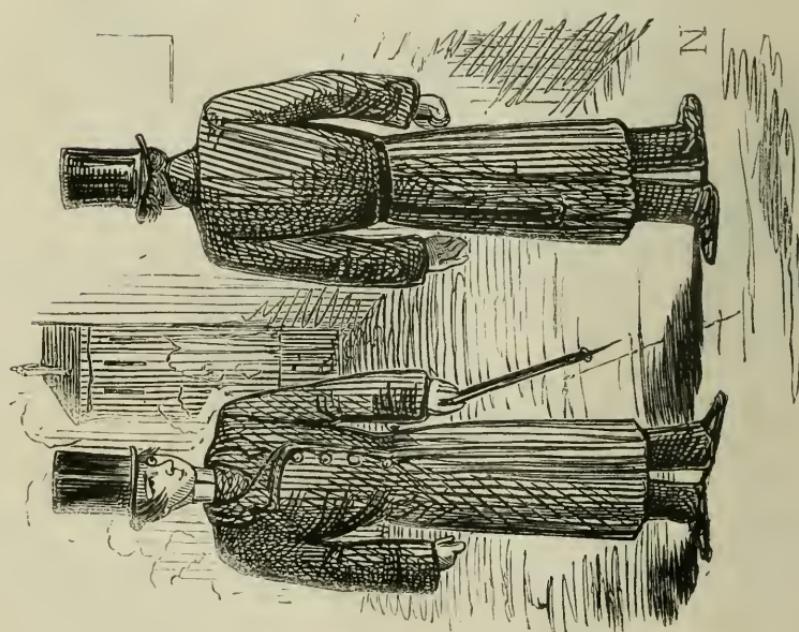
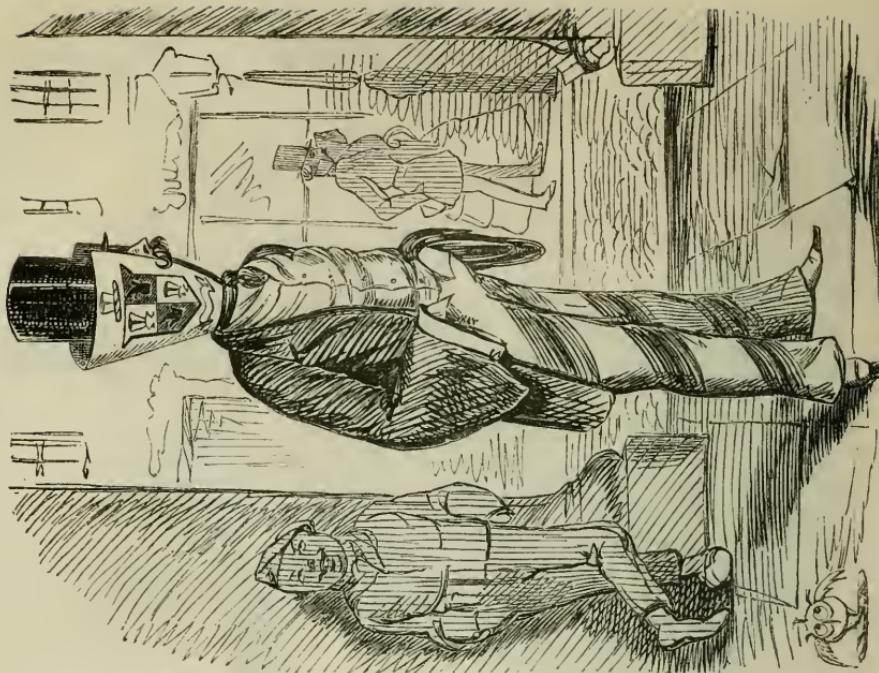
Boy.—“IT ARE, MARM! T’OTHER DAY THE DONKEY FELL DOWN, AND THE LADY THAT WAR A RIDIN’ ON ‘IM WAS CHUCK’D OVER AND KILLED!”

Old Lady.—“MERCY ON ME! AND WAS THE DONKEY KILLED TOO?”

Boy.—“NO, MARM; THAT ARE THE WERRY HIDENTICAL DONKEY YOU’RE ON NOW, MARM.”

THE COLLAR MOVEMENT.

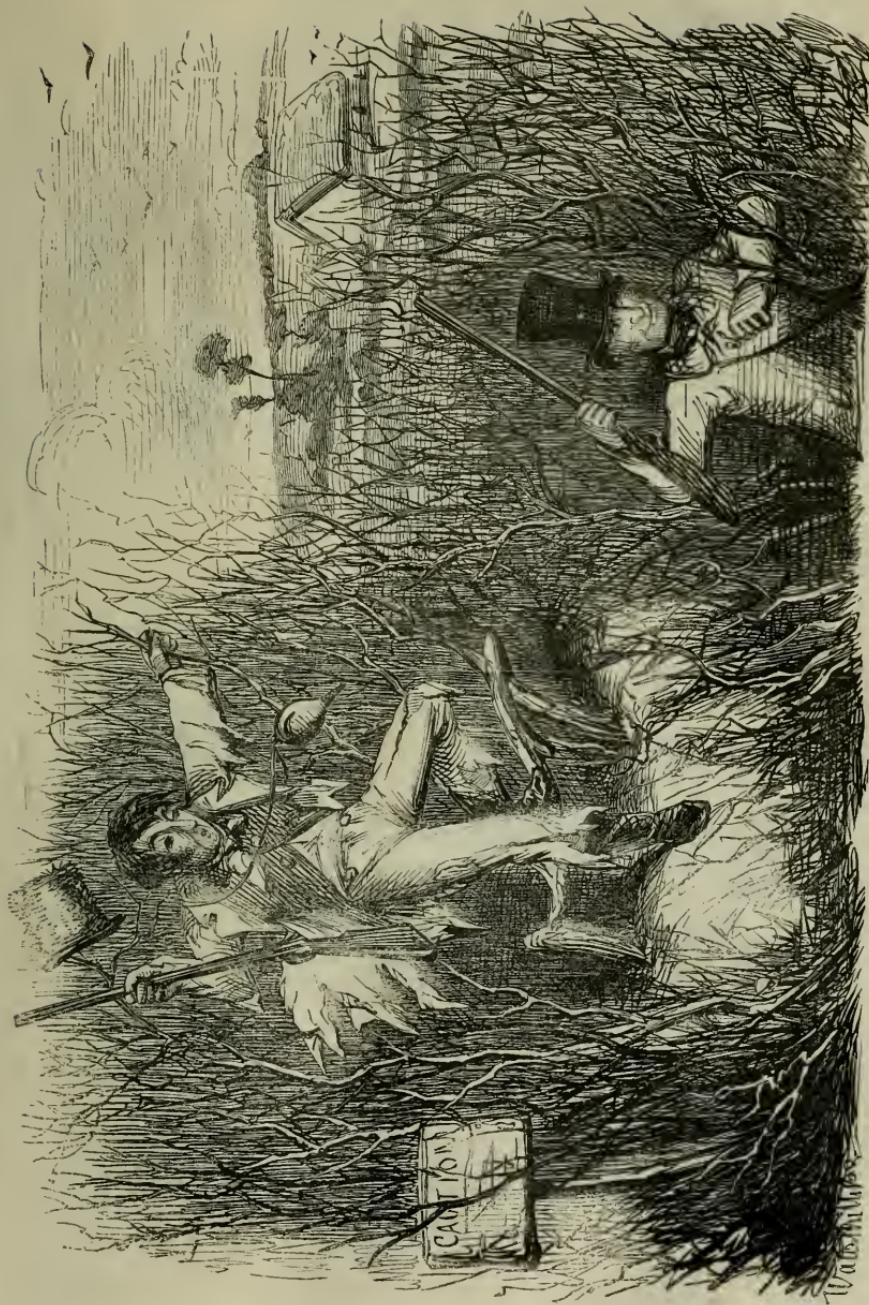
A SERIOUS INQUIRY.



"ARE WE, THEN, SO MUCH ALIKE—AN EXQUISITE TO A POLICEMAN?"

A SUGGESTION BY OUR HERALDIC ARTIST.

A DAY'S SHOOTING.

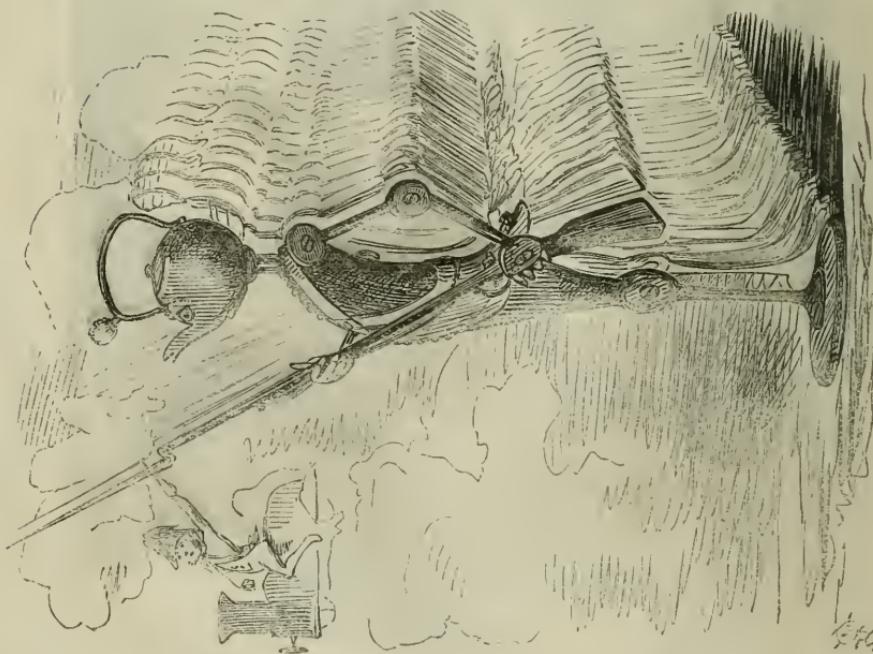


Gamekeeper.—“COME ALONG, SIR; WE SHALL HAVE LOTS OF SPORT IN THE NEXT COVER.”



"WOT'S THE MATTER, BILL? 'URT THEESEL'?"

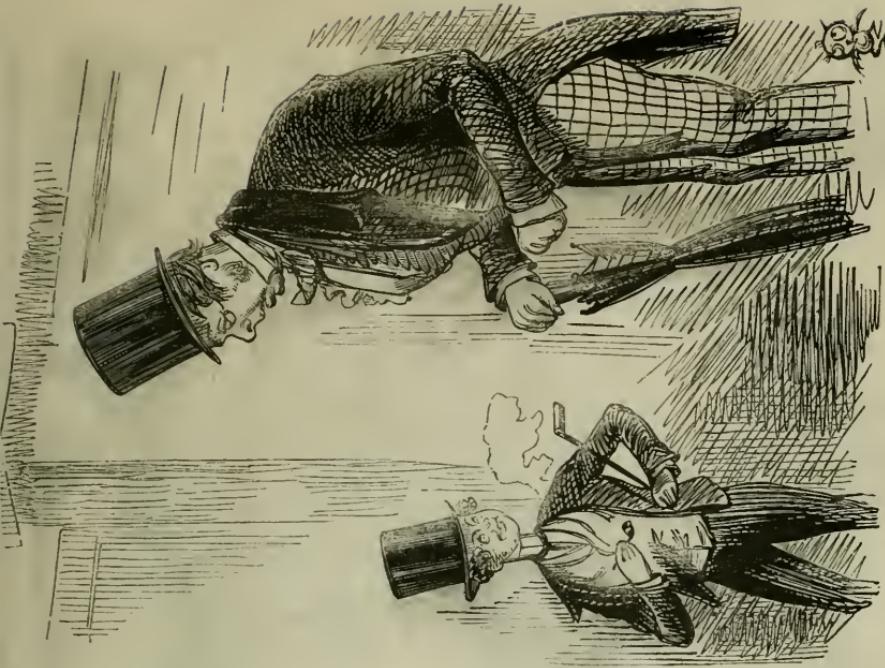
"NOA, BUT HA' GOTEN A NEW PAIR O' BOOTS, AND THEY ARE SO BLESSED TIGHT!"



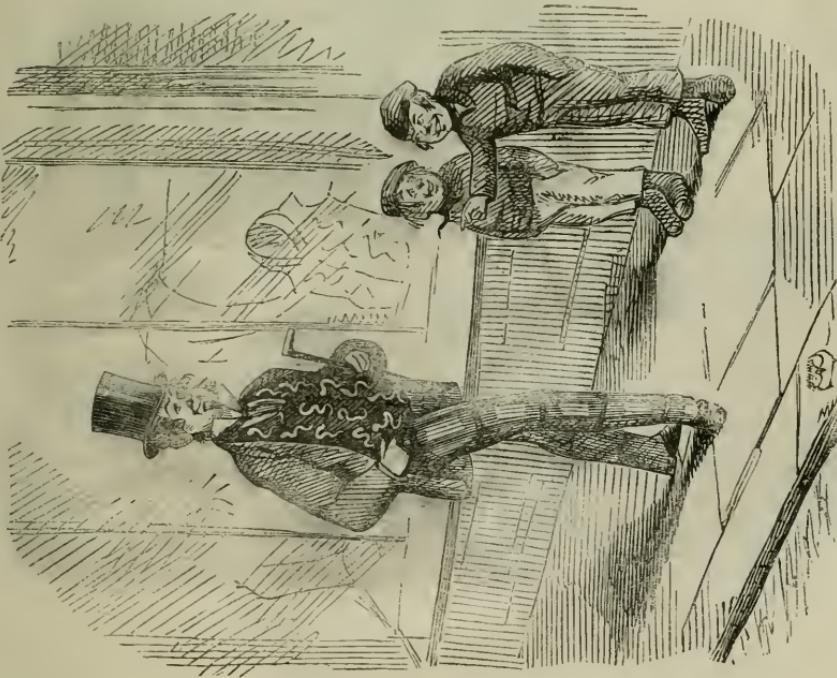
THE MARCH OF SCIENCE;

OR, THE BRITISH SOLDIER AS HE WILL BE IN 1900.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

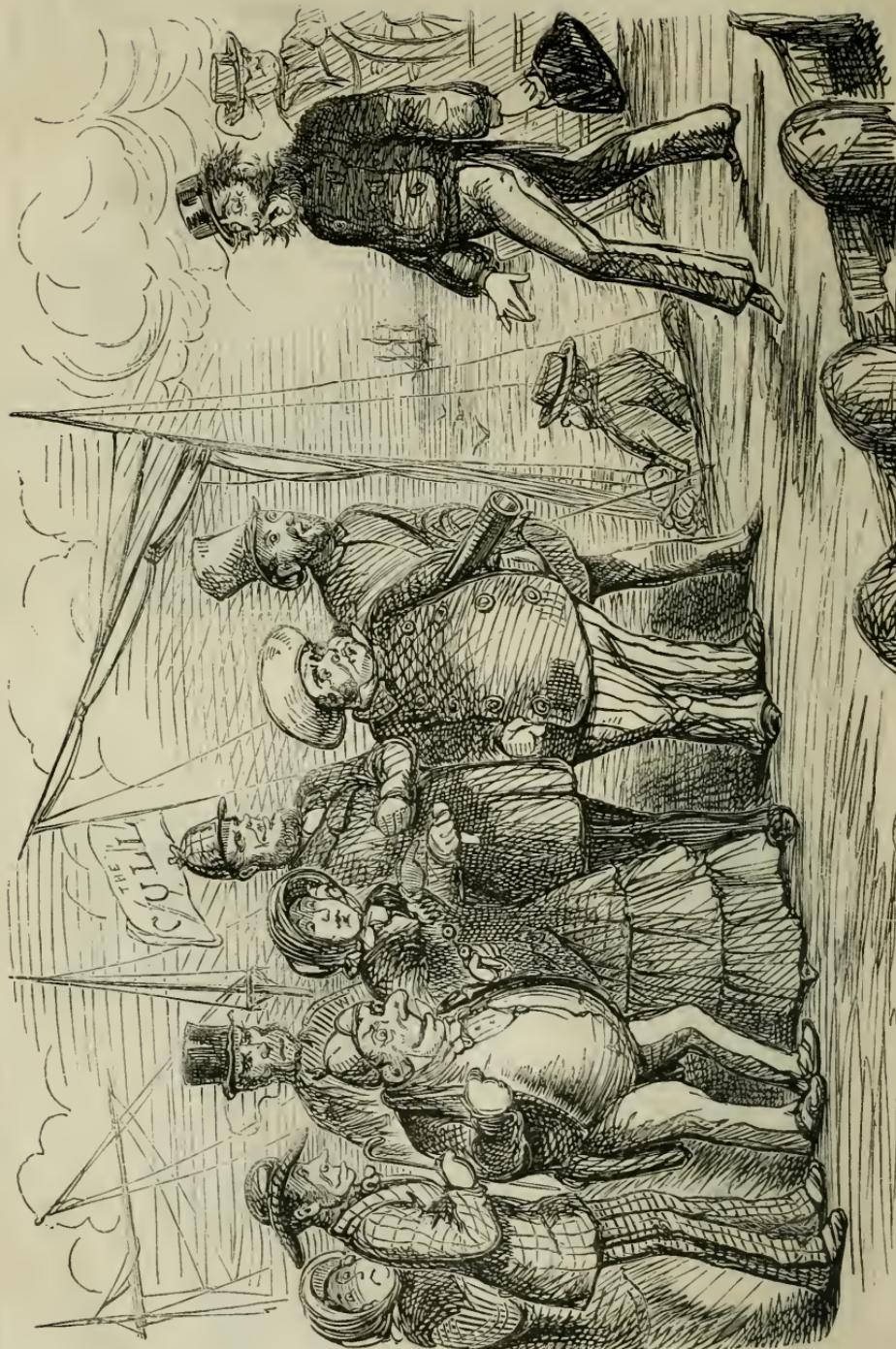


"WELL, MASTER CHARLES, WHERE DOES YOUR FAMILY LIVE NOW?"
Master Charles.—"WHY, YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU THINK I'VE
A FAMILY, DO YOU ?"



"HO, CRIKEY, CHARLEY ! IF THERE AIN'T A GE'MAN WITH A LOT
O' HADDERS A CRAWLIN' HOVER 'IM."

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE!



CUNNINGHAM, having reported himself to be fighting for his country in the Baltic, and written letters to the papers describing the gallant capture of

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.



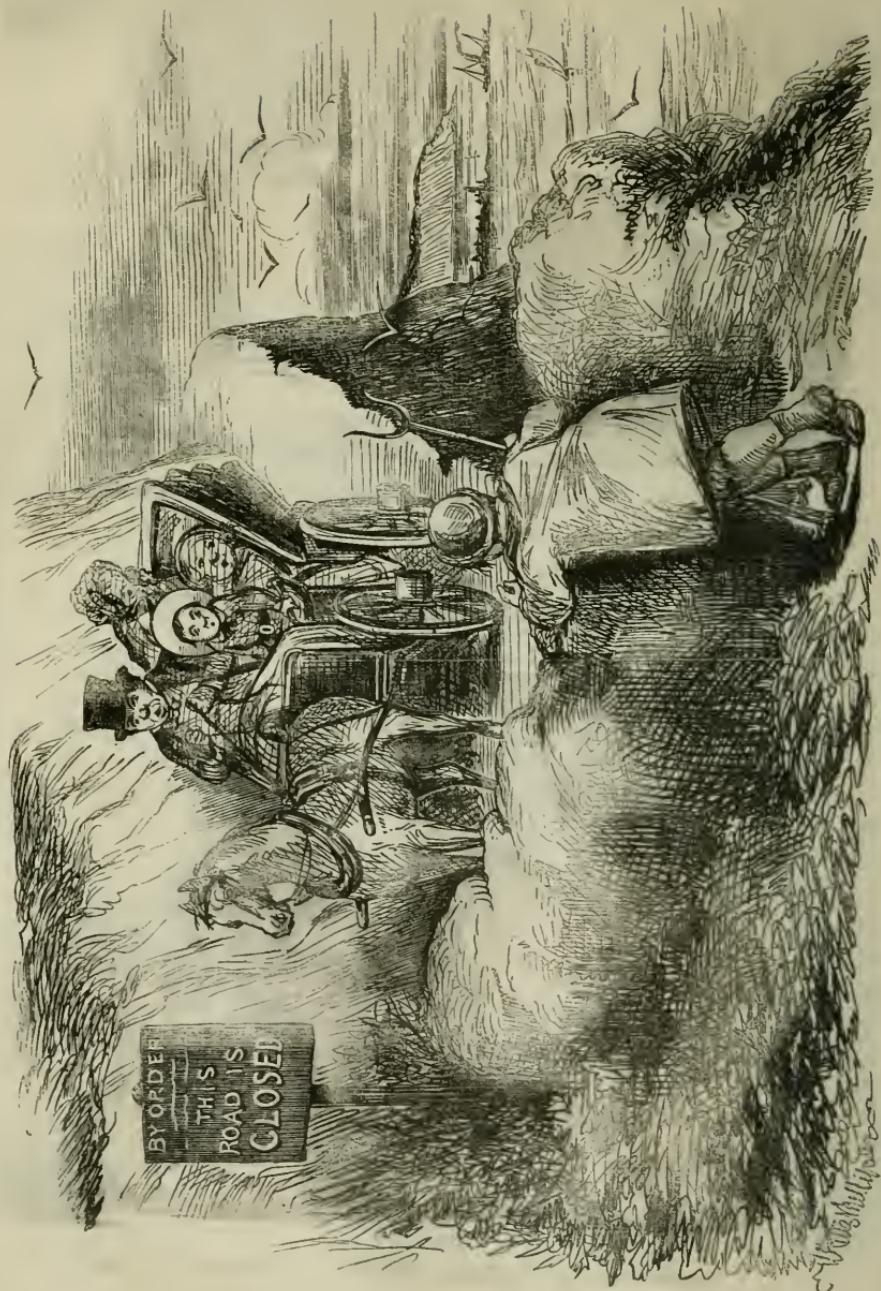
Young Gent. (returned from a short trip to the Continent).—"MOTHER, DEAREST MOTHER!"
Mother.—"MERCY UPON US, CHARLES! IS THAT YOU?"

AN INCIDENT DURING THE LATE STRIKE.



STRIKING CASE OF PARENTAL AFFECTION IN THE HOUR OF NEED!

A LITTLE DIFFICULTY.



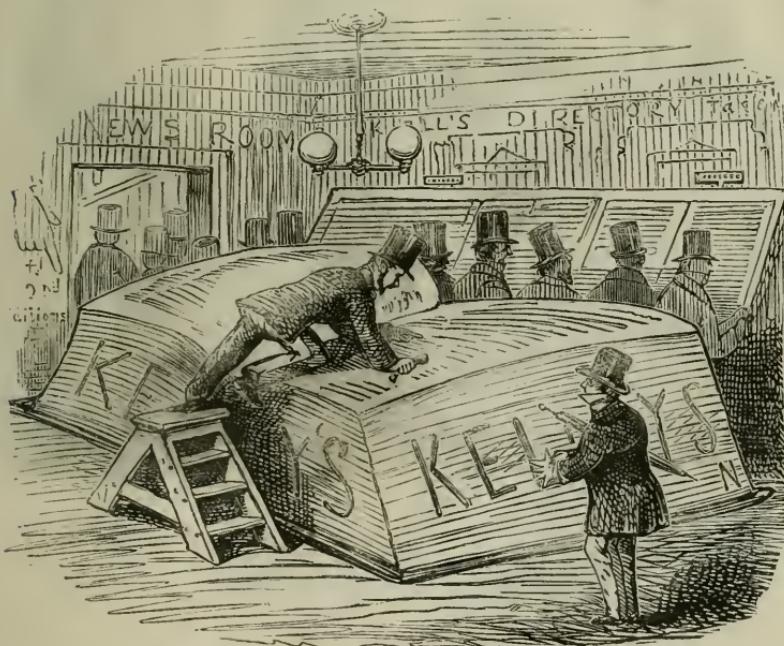
“Noa! there beant no road here; you must back it a mil', and take 't other way over the downs!”

CRO(T)CHET FOR THE LADIES.

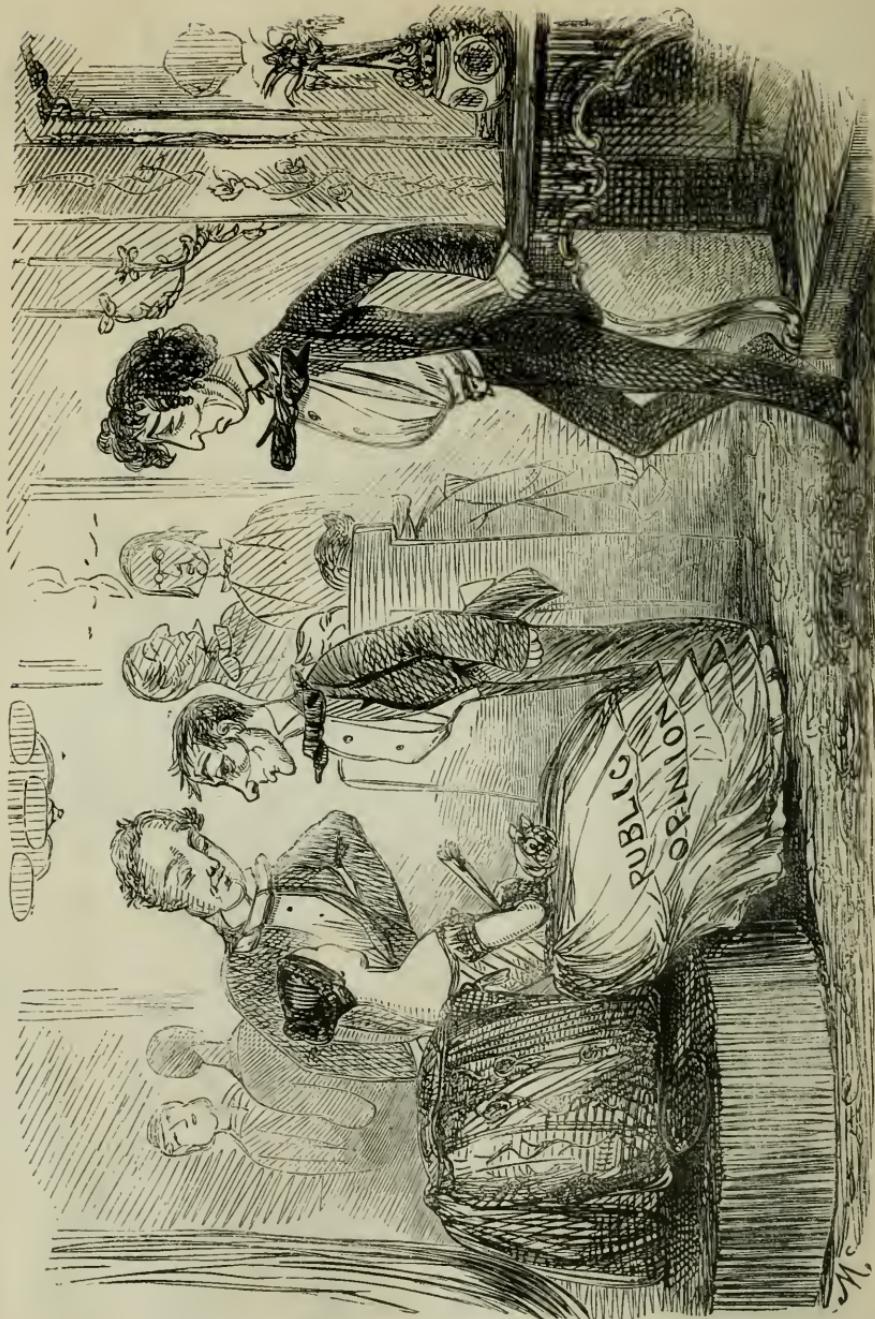


NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO CAUSED THE INTRODUCTION OF ANTI-MACASSARS.



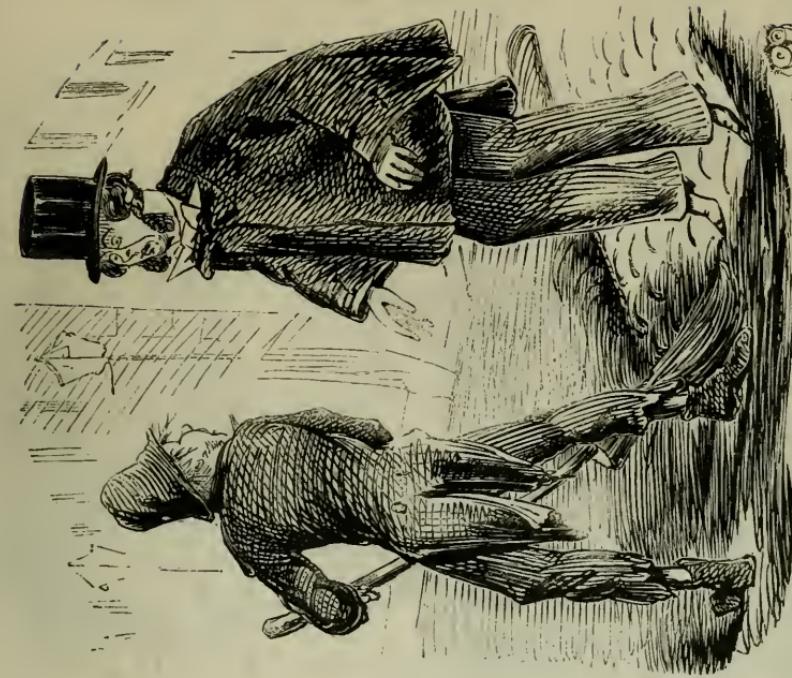
WHERE WILL IT STOP?



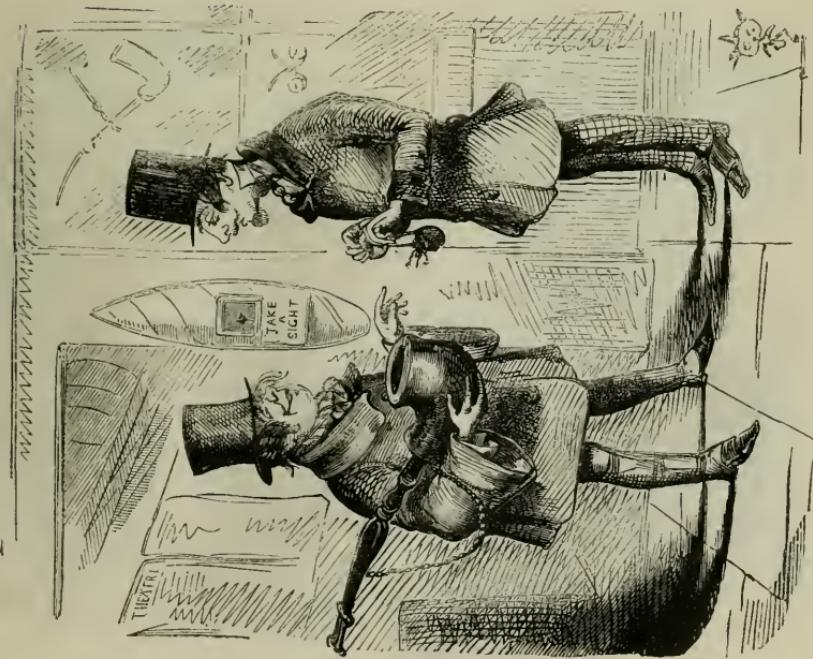
Political Swell (out of luck).—“That's a deucedly fine girl; but she's throwing herself away upon those muffs!”

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.



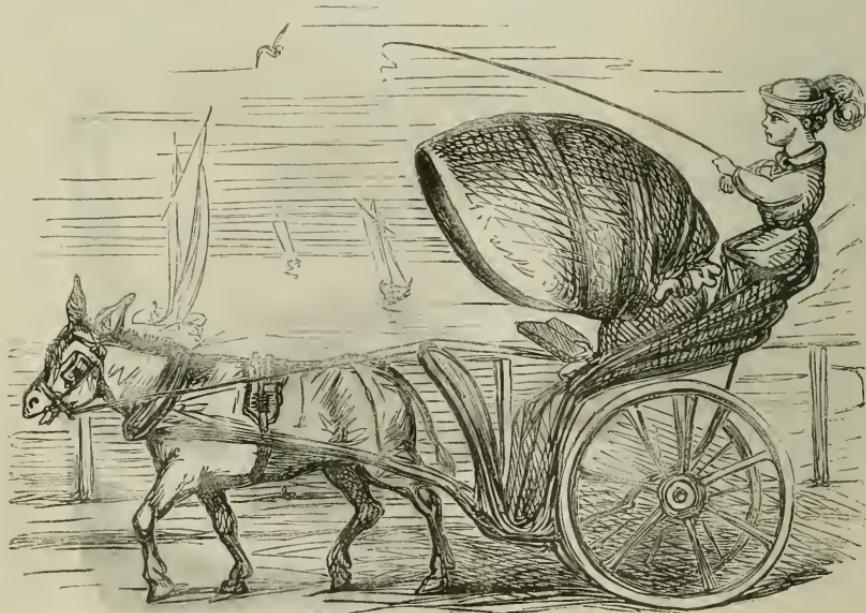
Swell. — "Now, THEN, StUPD, WHERE ARE YOU SWEEPING YOUR MUD TO ?"
Crossing Sweeper (busily sweeping back the mud upon the crossing).—
"I'M ONLY SHUTTING UP SHOP, YOUR HONOUR!"



"GIVE US A PIPE OF TOBACCO!"



Enthusiastic Daguerreotypist.—“BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! KEEP UP EXACTLY THAT EXPRESSION, AND WE SHALL OBTAIN A CHARMING PICTURE!”



A HANDSOME UGLY, OR AN UGLY HANSOM

THE FIRST STUDY OF A MECHANICAL GENIUS.



THE HAPPY PAIR.



MR. AND MRS. HIPPOPOTAMUS.



THE TRAVELLER'S DREAM, THE NIGHT BEFORE LEAVING AN INN!

POTICHOMANIE.



Mamma.—“WHY, GOODNESS GRACIOUS, ARABELLA, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU
MAKING THAT MESS FOR?”

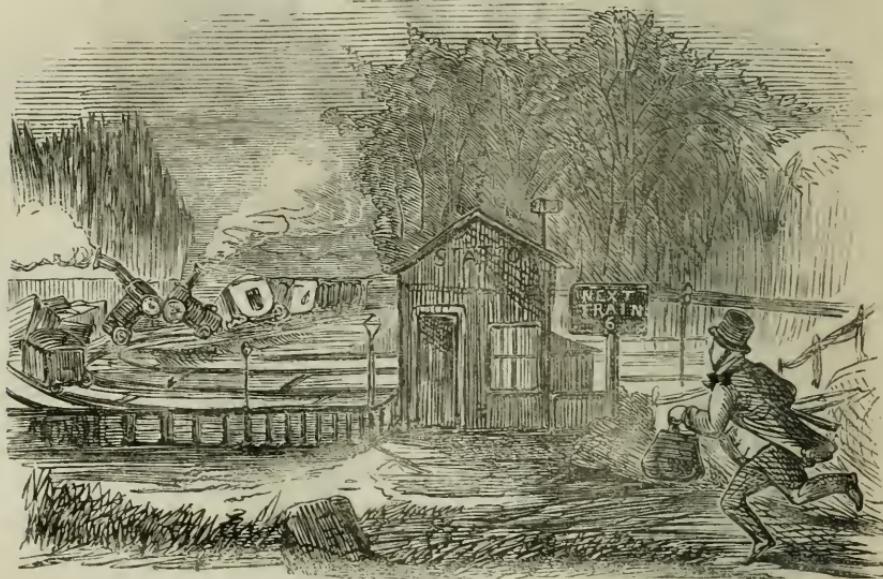
Arabella.—“MESS, MAMMA! WHY, IT'S ALL THE FASHION; IT'S POTICHOMANIE

Mamma (agreeably surprised).—“OH! I EE!”



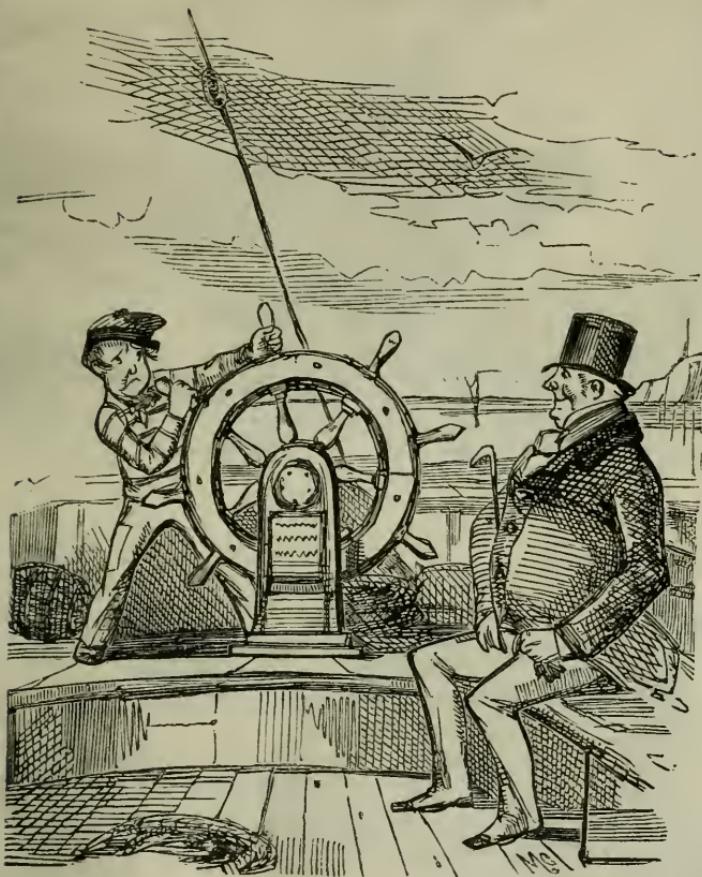
OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT, AS HE ACTUALLY APPEARED AT CONSTANTINOPLE, ON THE DAY WHEN HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.



"CONFOUND IT! JUST TOO LATE! ANOTHER MINUTE AND I SHOULD HAVE CAUGHT IT!"

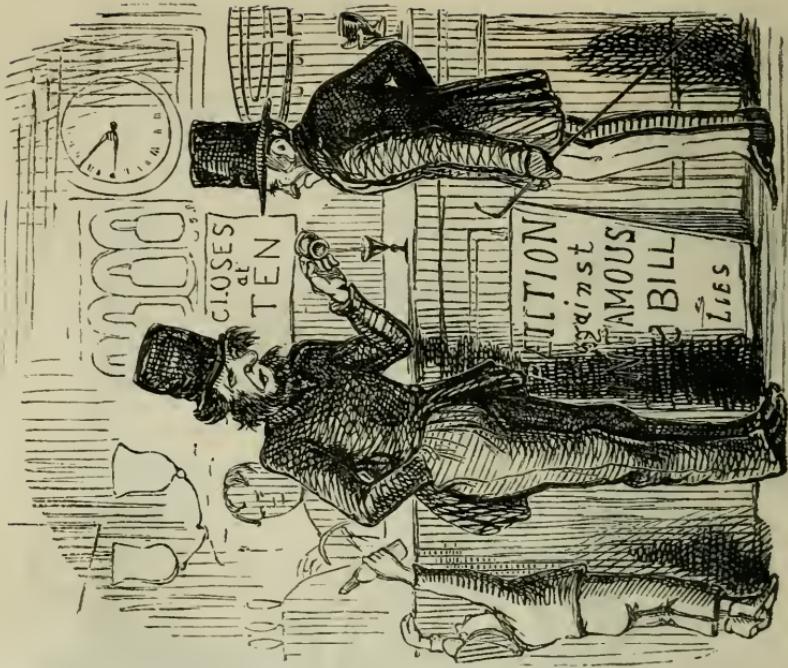
OFFENDED DIGNITY.



Gentleman.—"YOU'RE A SMART YOUNG FELLOW TO BE TRUSTED IN THAT SITUATION ALREADY!"

Boy (indignantly).—"DON'T YOU SEE THE NOTICE—NOT TO SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL?"

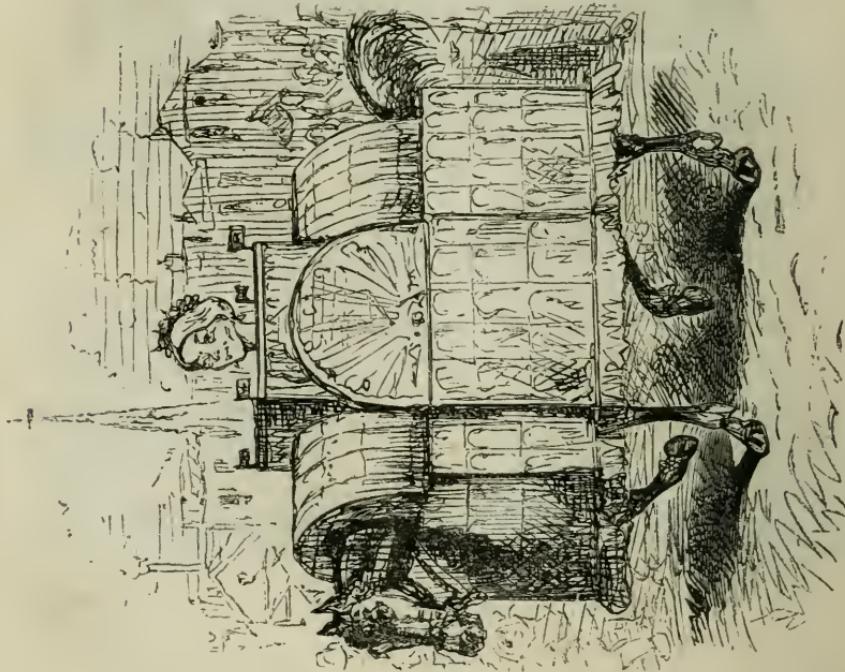
THE NEW BEER BILL



First Tippler.—“WELL, TOM, WHAT D’YE THINK O’ THE NEW BILL?”

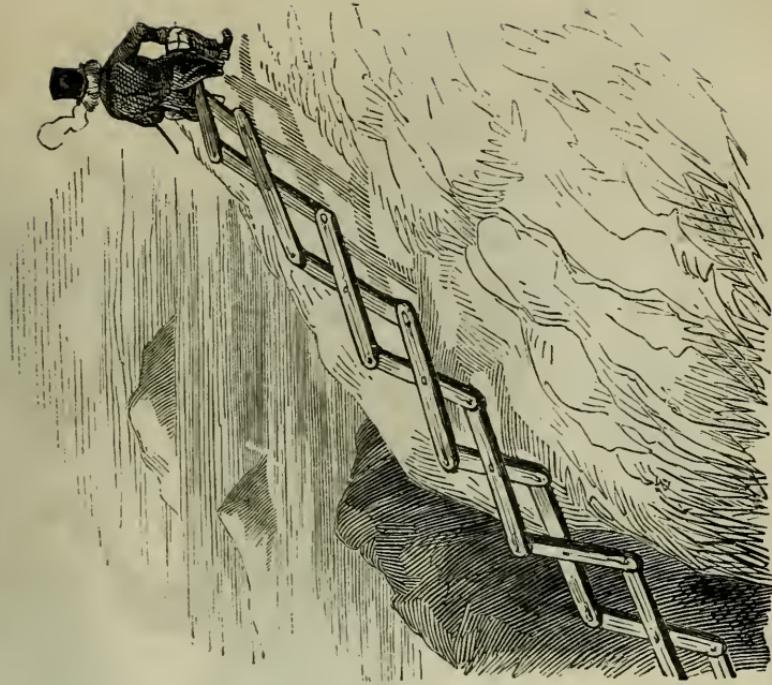
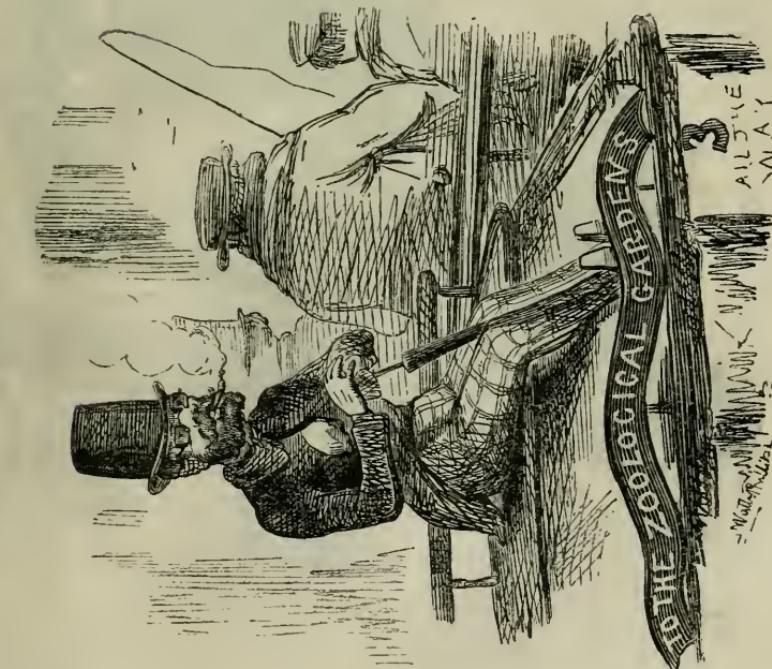
Second ditto.—“OH, IT’S NOT SO BAD; A MAN CAN EASILY GET DRUNK

LADY GODIVA AS SHE WILL APPEAR NOW SIR JOSEPH PAXTON IS



THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC MADE EASY.

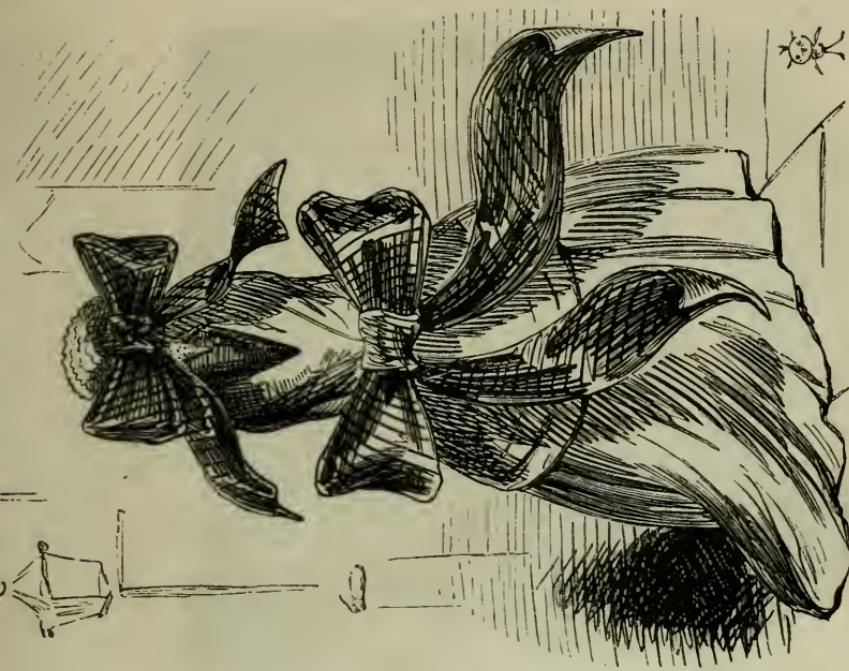
APPROACHING HIS DESTINATION.



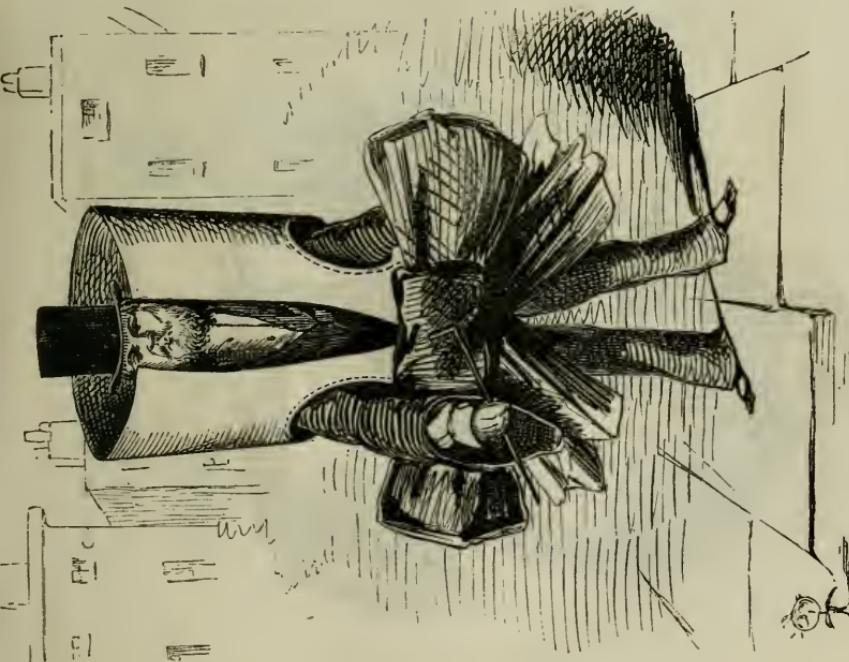
A SUGGESTION TO THE FOLLOWERS OF MR. ALBERT SMITH.



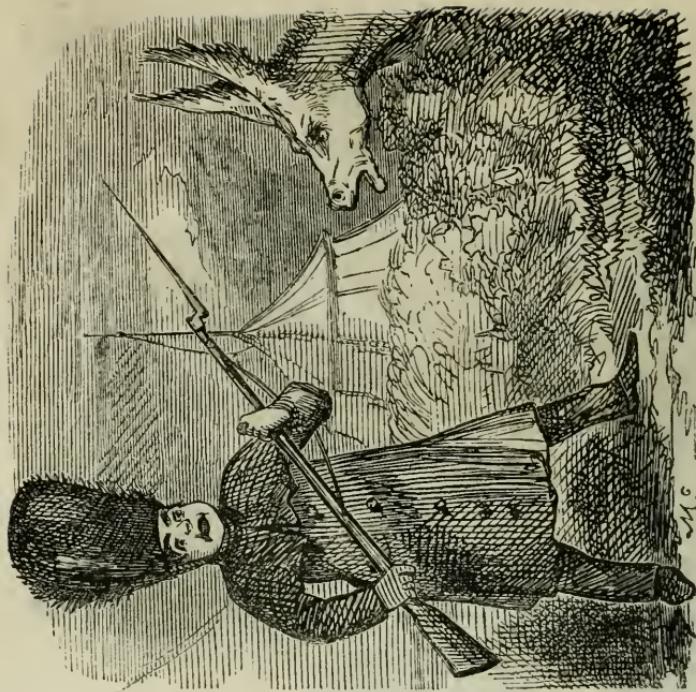
“HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE !”



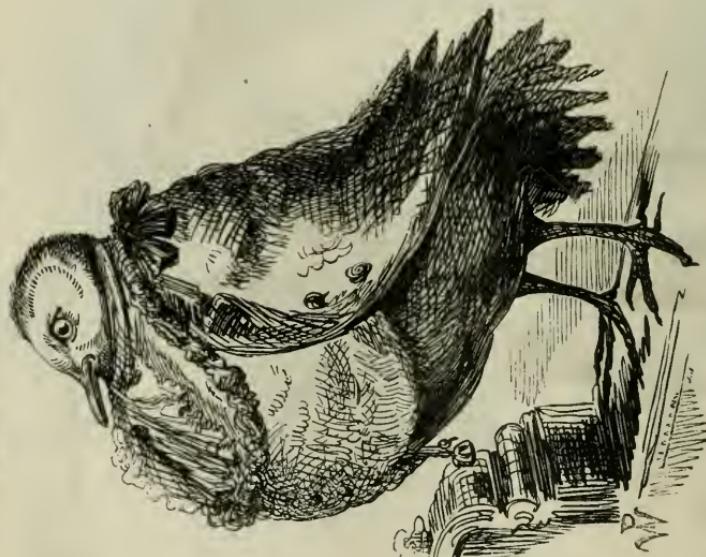
WOMAN AS SHE WILL BE IN 1900.



MAN AS HE WILL BE IN 1900!



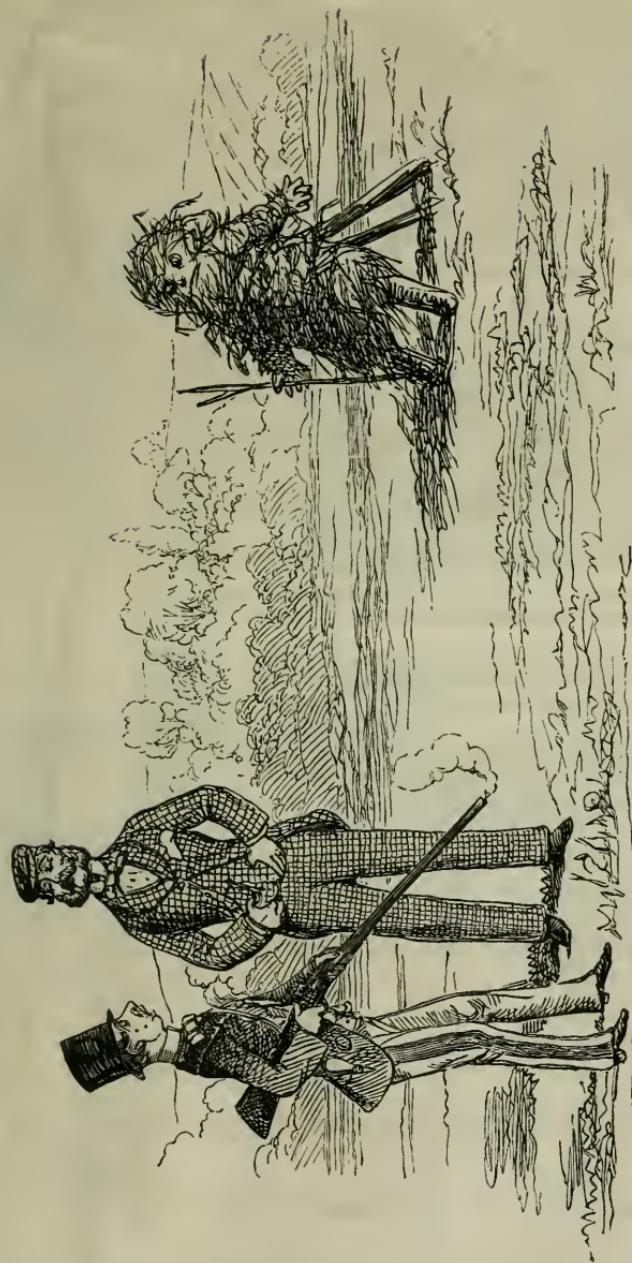
A NIGHT SURPRISE.



AN ALDERMANIC PIGEON.

ONE OF THE "TURTLE" - DOVE SPECIES.

“A DECIDED HIT.”

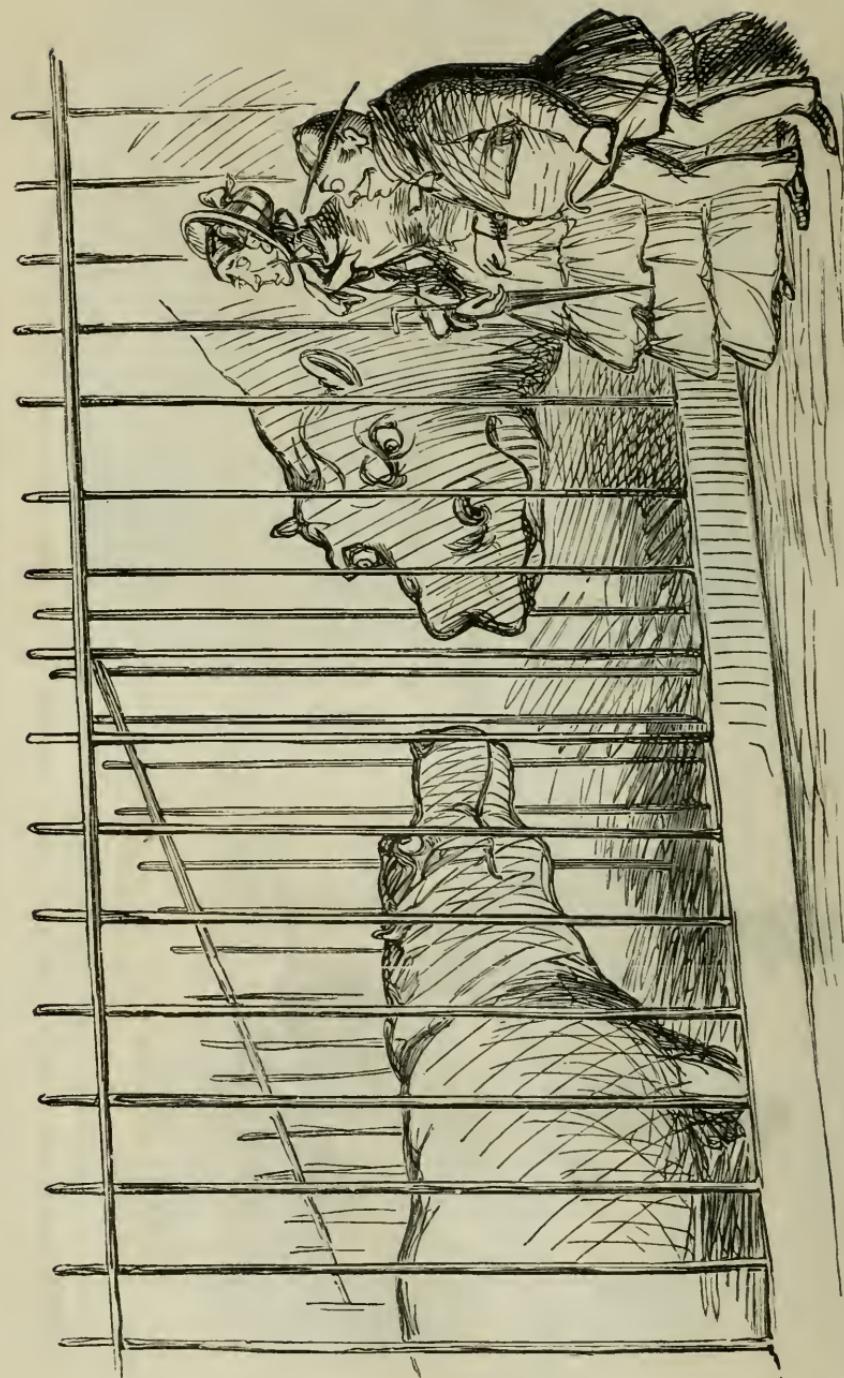


Gent. with a Military Ambition.—“AH ! JEUCED GOOD FIR'WING, THAT ! I'VE HIT HIM TWELVE TIMES, SO I SHOULD HAVE KILLED TWELVE WUSSIANS !”

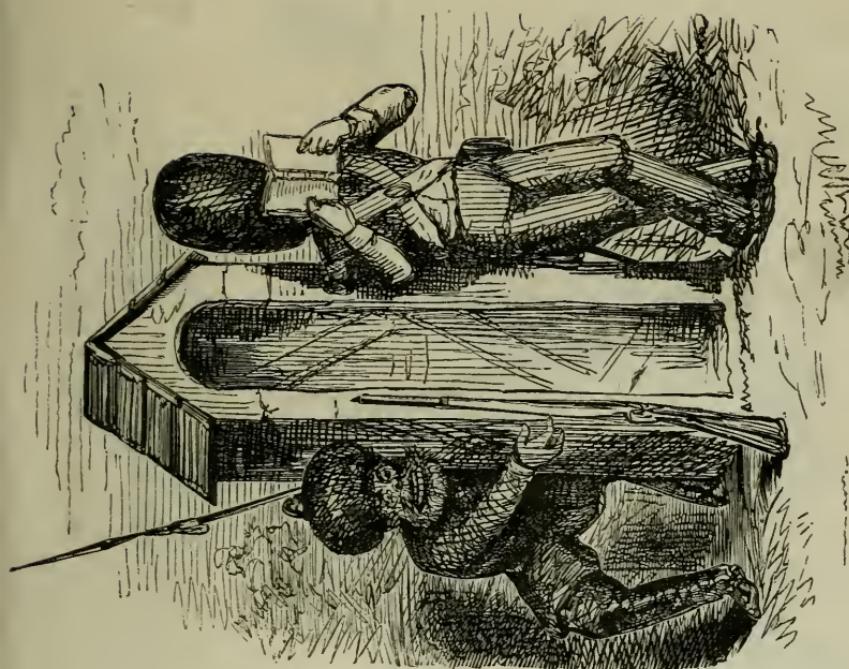
Gentleman of Military Experience.—“BUT HE MIGHT HAVE KNOCKED YOU OFF BEFORE YOU HAD FIRED A SHOT !”

Gent. (whose ambition has suddenly taken flight.)—Good Gwacious ! so he might. Well, now, I nevaw thought of that !

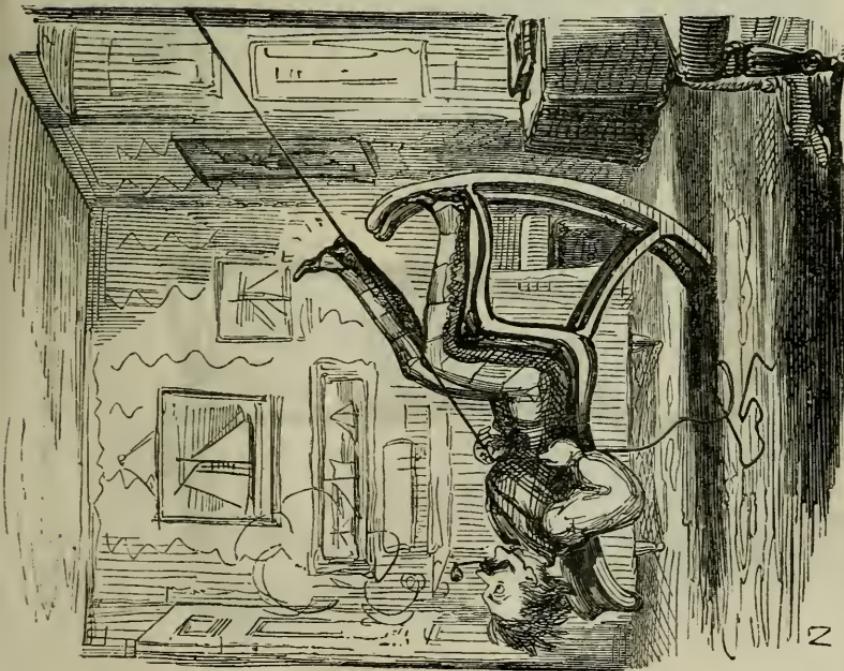
“THE SINGLE MARRIED, AND THE MARRIED HAPPY.”



Shrew of a Wife.—“WHAT A BRUTAL THING TO KEEP THEM SEPARATED IN SUCH A MANNER !”
Hen-pecked Husband (thinks to himself).—“AH, MY DEAR ! I WISH THEY HAD ALLOWED US A TWELVEMONT'S TRIAL IN A SIMILAR WAY !”

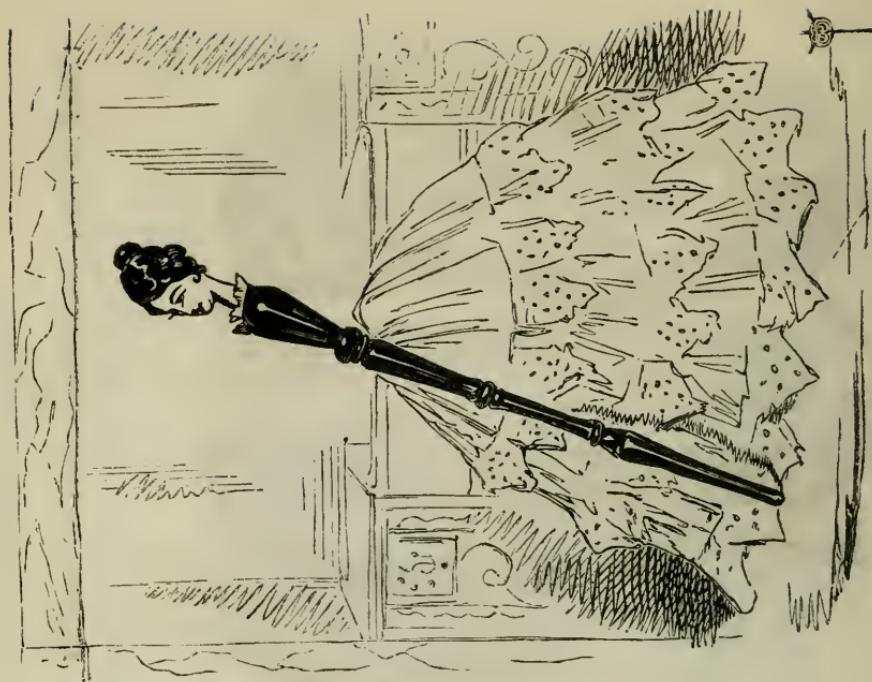


EFFECTS OF LIGHT LITERATURE FOR THE ARMY!

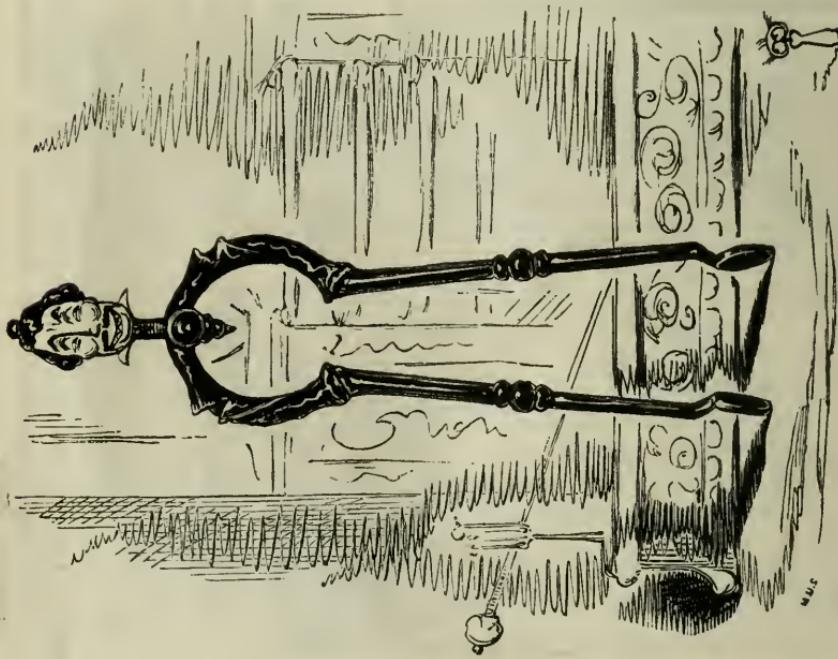


TIMMINS, PREVIOUS TO A YACHTING CRUISE IN THE BLACK SEA,
HABITUATES HIMSELF TO THE MOTION IN AN AMERICAN
ROCKING CHAIR.

"No THANK YOU; I ONLY DANCE THE PO'KA!"



WILL YOU DANCE THE VALSE & DEUX-TEMPS (*tango*)?"

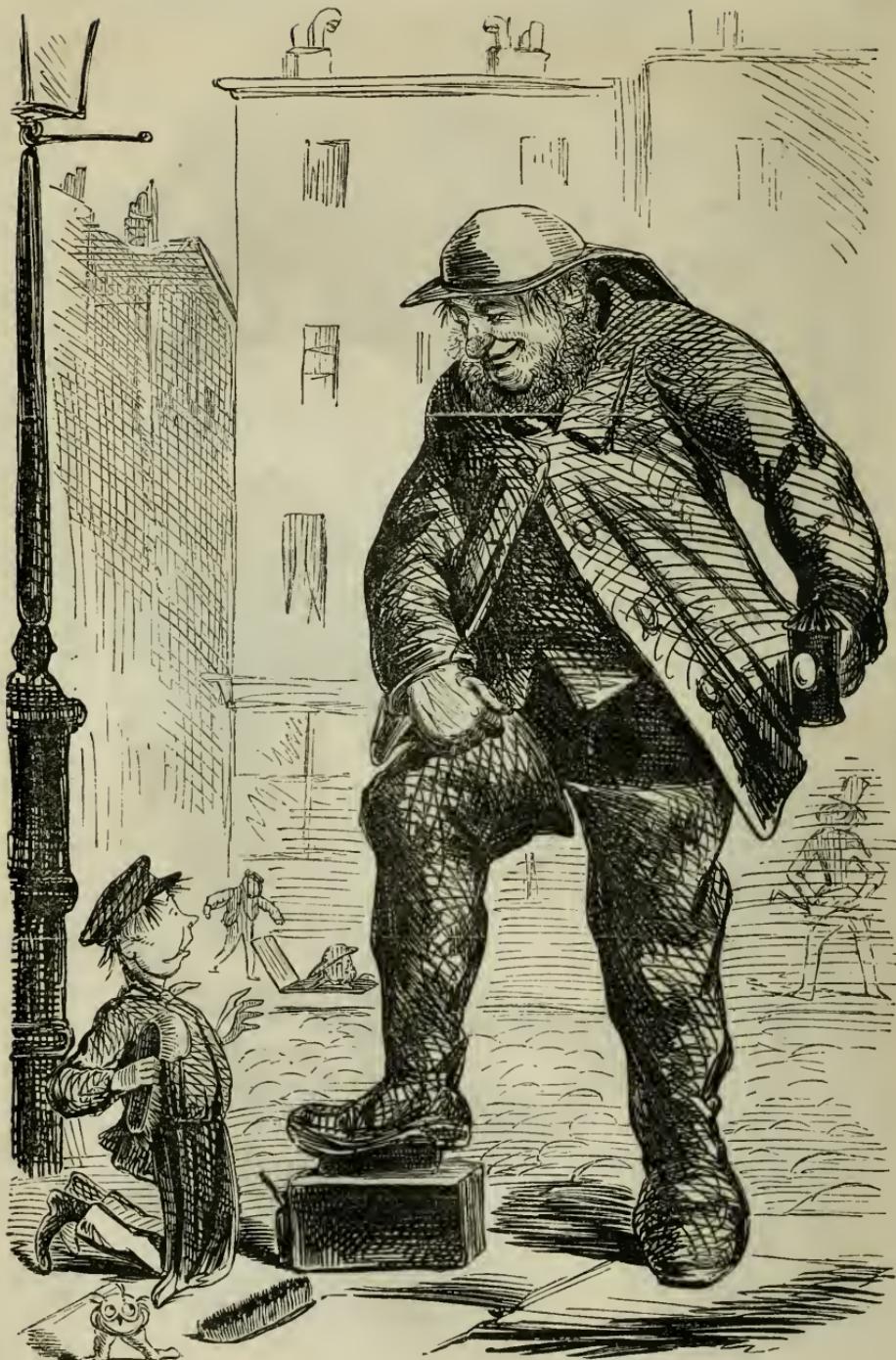


AN ANNUAL CUSTOM.



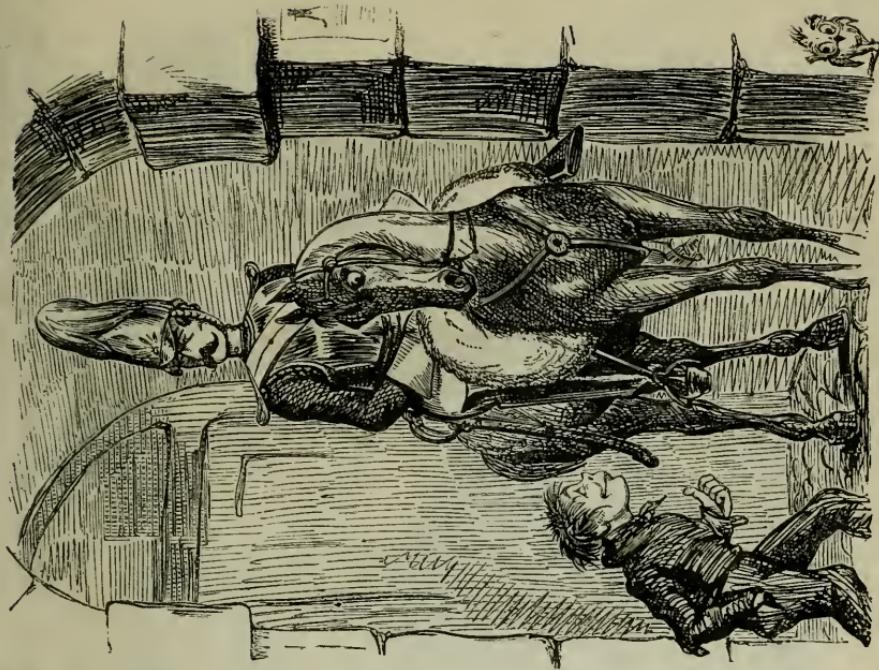
Britannia.—“BEEN TO A MINISTERIAL FISH DINNER, INDEED! AND A ‘PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH’ YOU’VE LEFT THE AFFAIRS OF THE COUNTRY IN !”

A "LARGE" CUSTOMER.



"COME, YOUNG DAY AND MARTIN! GIVE US A GOOD PENN'ORTH!"

A YOUNG ALARMIST.



Boy.—“THE ROOSIANS IS A COMIN’, MASTER!!”



Pious Gentleman.—“MY BOY ! MY BOY ! YOU DO VERY WRONG TO FISH ON A SUNDAY”

Boy.—“IT CARN’T BE NO HARM SIR I ARN’T CATCH’D NOTHINK.”

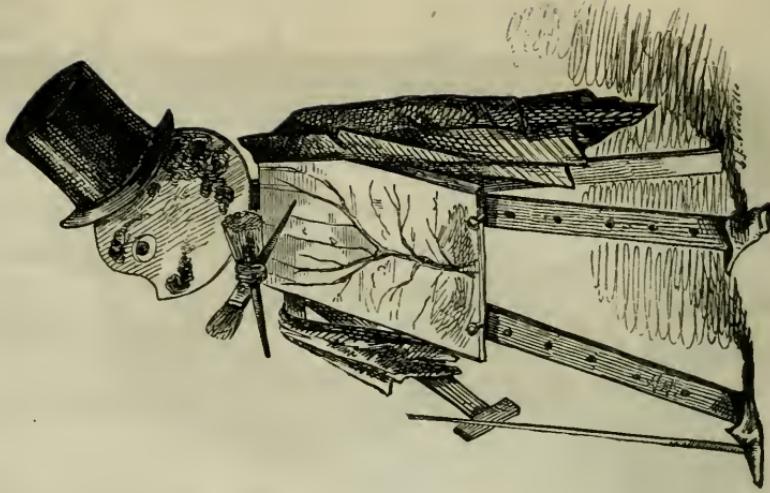
THE BONNET MOVEMENT.



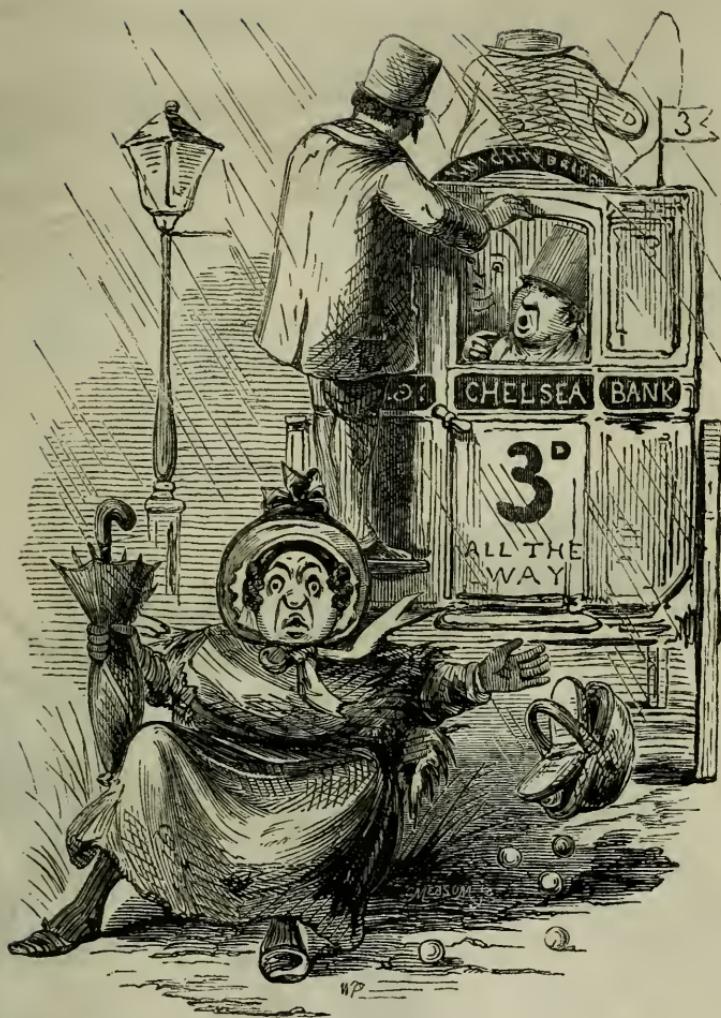
Miss Clementina.—"LA, DEAR GRANDMAMA, WHAT A FRIGHT OF A BONNET
YOU ARE PUTTING UPON THE CHILD!"

Grandmama.—"AH, MY DEAR, YOU WILL HAVE YOUR WAY; BUT THIS
BLESS'D CHILD SHAN'T CATCH HER DEATH OF COLD WITH ANY OF YOUR NEW
FASHIONS!"

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

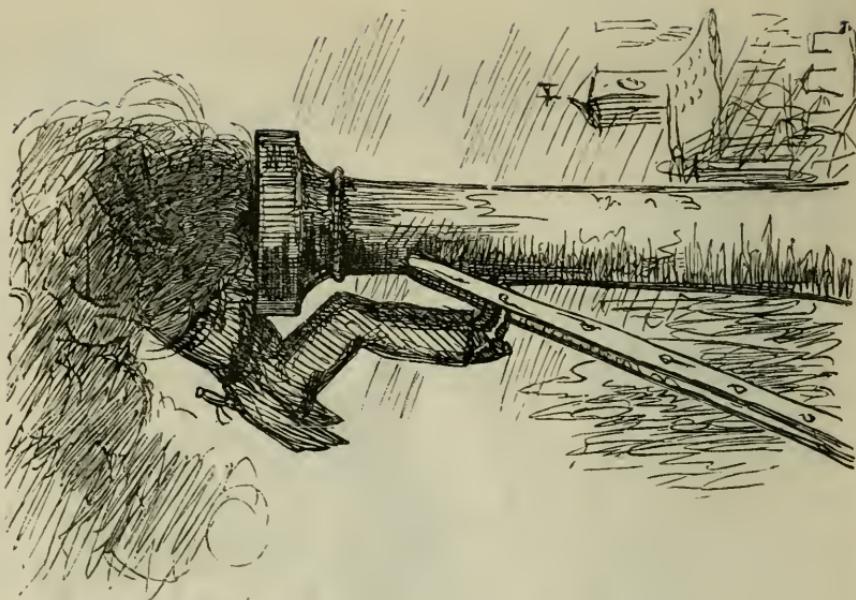
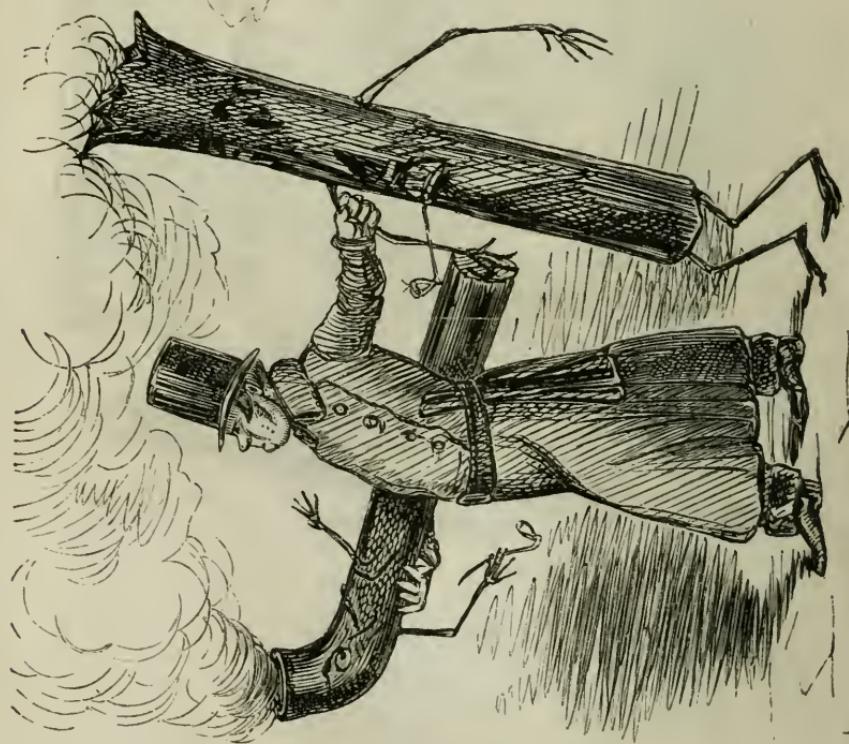


ON BEHALF OF MY "OLD MASTER," I DEMAND TO
KNOW WHY YOU DEFACE HIS PICTURES!



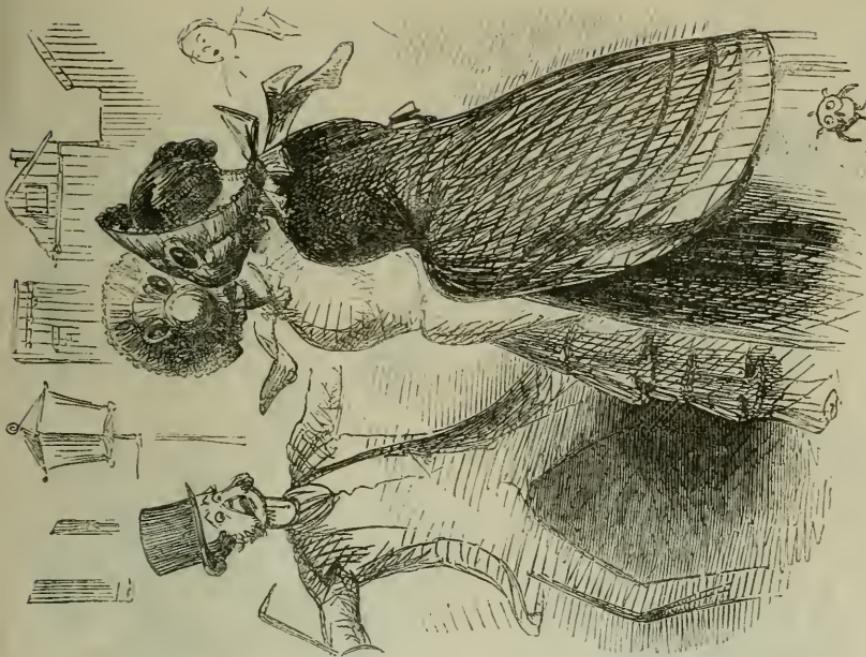
"ALL RIGHT!!!"

THE ANTI-SMOKE BILL.

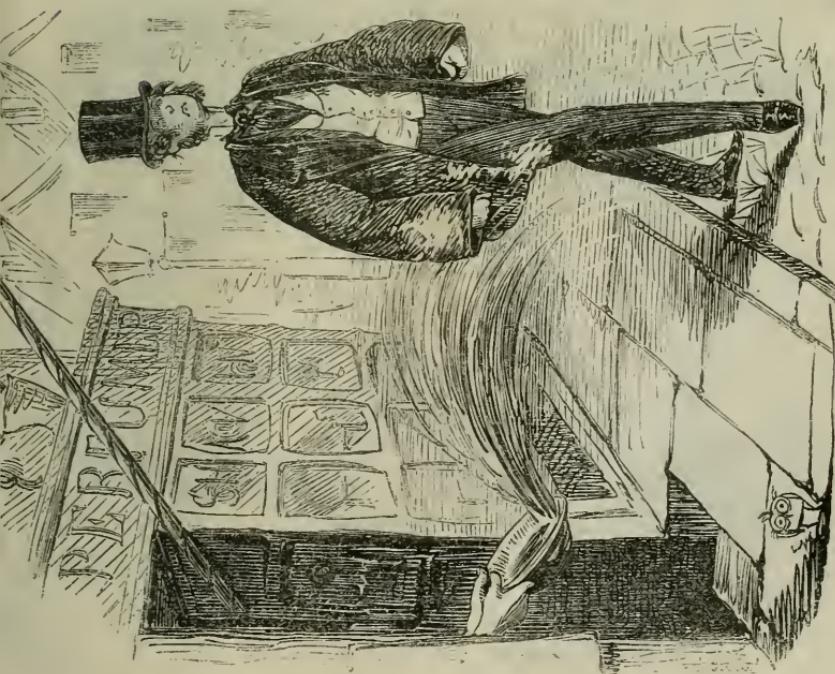


"HALLOO, DOWN THERE! THIS SORT O' THING WON'T DO, YOU KNOW."

CAUGHT SMOKING, CONTRARY TO THE ACT.



PROBABLY THE NEXT FONNET FASHION.



“I have kept my dear Amelia waiting a deuced long time!—but this ‘short cut’ will soon bring me to her enchanting presence; and my appearance will fully compensate for the delay.”

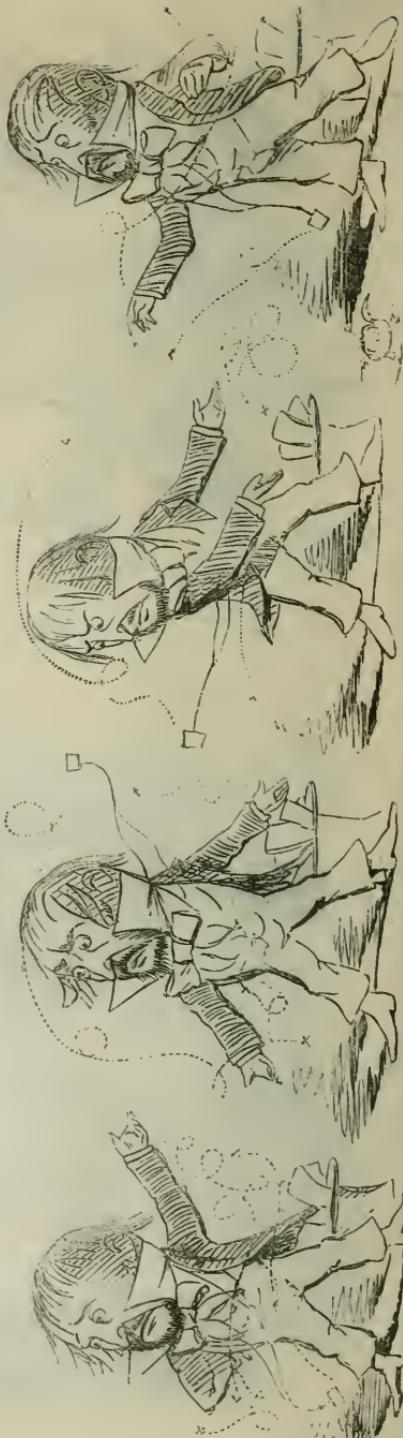
ELOCUTIONARY EXERCISES OF AN HONOURABLE MEMBER."



Mr. Speaker—It is with feelings of
unmitigated disgust

that I rise to denounce
the mean—base—and despicable at-
tempts of the Home Secretary

to foist upon the House a shabby
Act for the Abolition of Slang
Weights among Costermongers!





Railbirding —

of the present underworld —

that pervades every act

Red Republican spirit



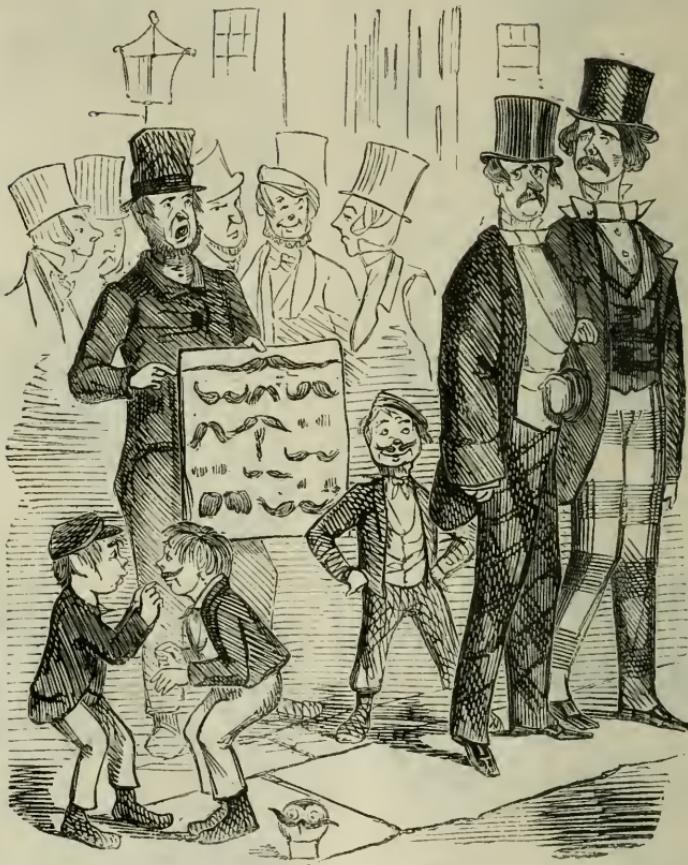
disreputable Ministry.

I despise them, and their acts! —

I despise everybody!!!

* The dotted lines indicate the motions of the arms, *et cetera*.

PROGRESS OF THE MOUSTACHE MANIA.



"Here you have the genuine article recommended by the Faculty for preventing Consumshin, Hydropholy, Cholera Morbis, Bronkitis, Happyplexy, and all other Maladies wotsumever—the real Moostaches—more natural than Natur'—only a penny a pair—percisely as worn by the Nobility and Gentry!"

EFFECT OF THE WAR.



Married Lady.—“ Well, dear ! no prospect of Matrimony yet, eh ? ”

Single Ditto (emphatically).—“ No, indeed ! and not likely, when this horrid war takes off the Flower of Male Society ! ”

“WASTEFUL AND RIDICULOUS EXCESS.”

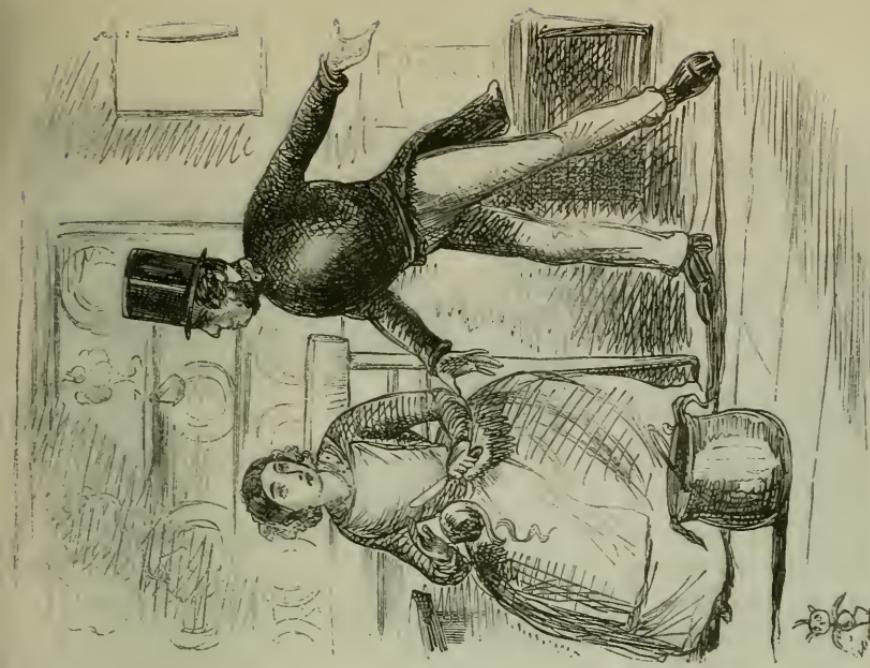
The majority of hotel-keepers are in the habit of announcing that warm-baths attached to their establishments can be had at a moment's notice. We cannot help considering this information quite superfluous, as every visitor during his stay at any hotel must necessarily be kept in a complete and perpetual state of hot water by reason of the impending bill.

A SPIRIT PERPLEXED.

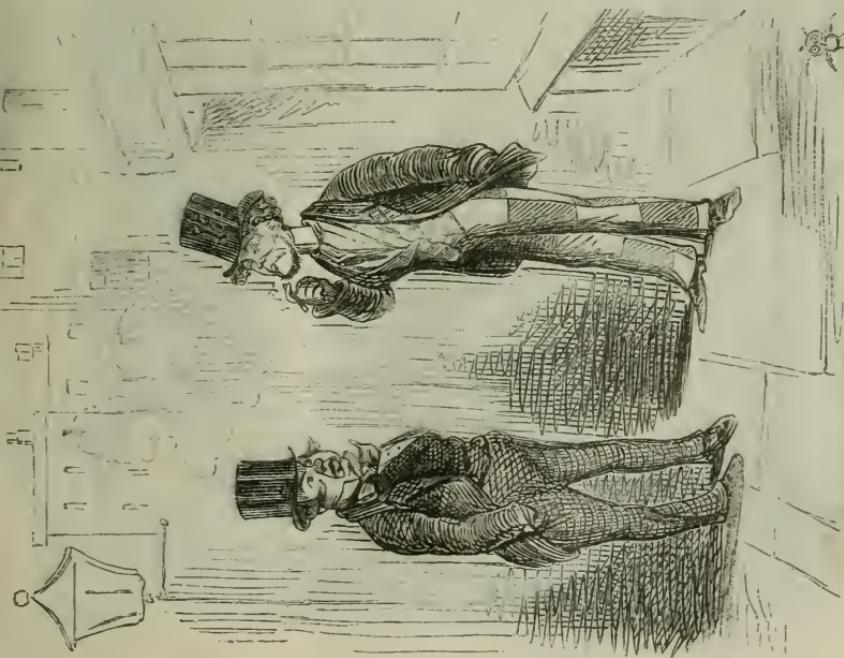


Medium.—“All is now ready—what question do you wish to put?”

Widow.—“Why, Ma'am, I must explain that I gave to my dear departed one (he was many years younger than myself) £200 to pay off a claim; and now he 's gone they've had the audacity to apply again for the money! Pray, therefore, ask my dear *Angustus* *what he did with the receipt?*”



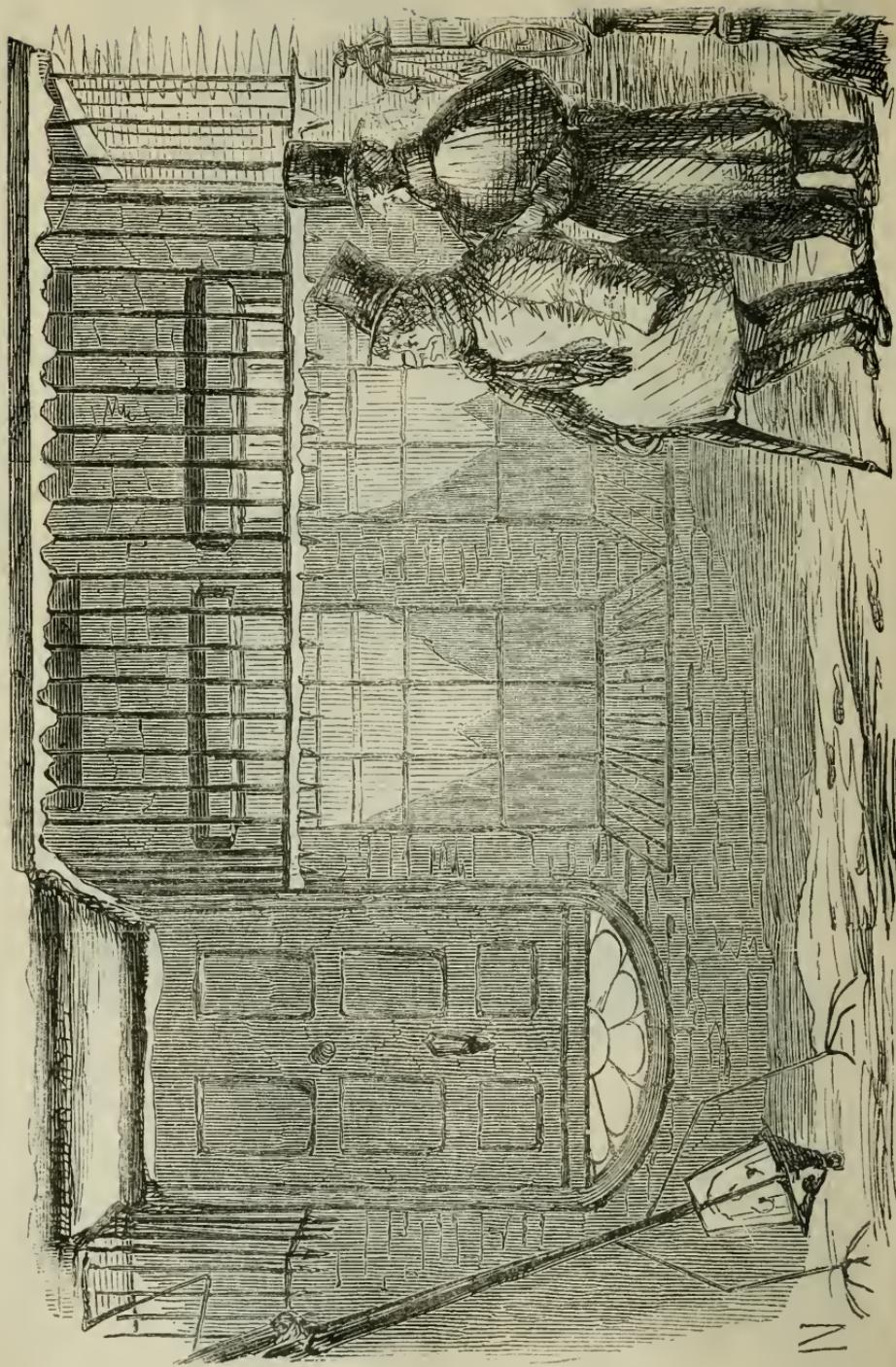
"Ere's melancholy news!—your poor Pat is shot! and his last words was, 'Tell E 20 to take care of my dear Susan!'"



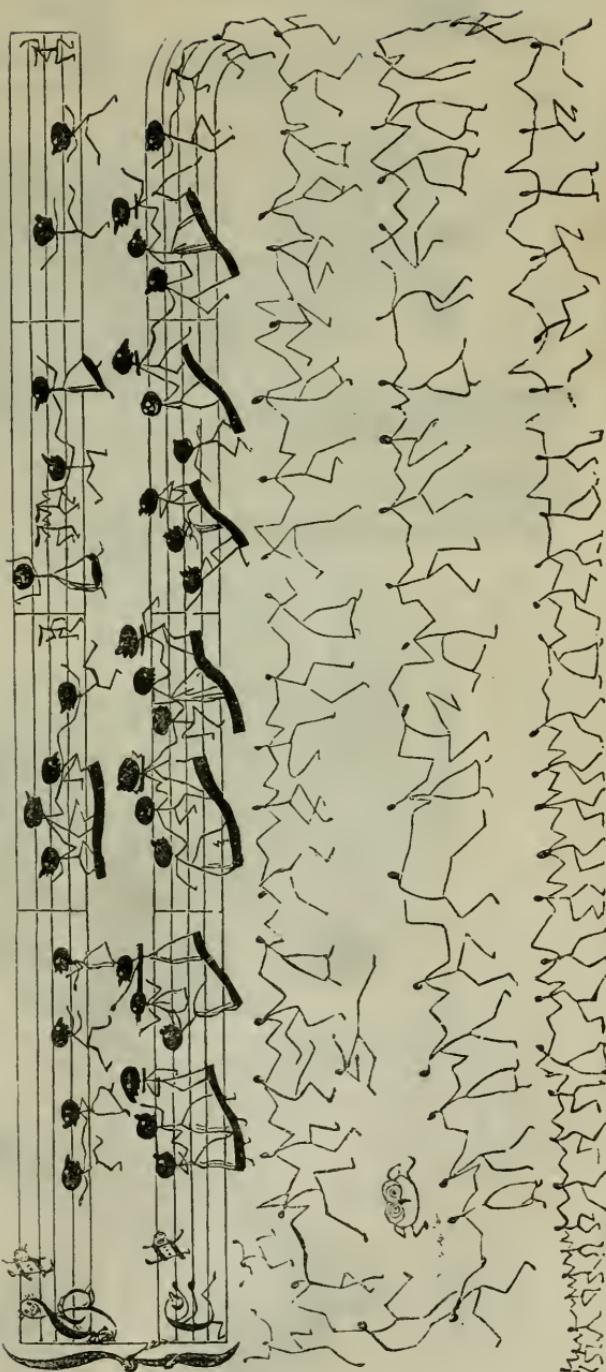
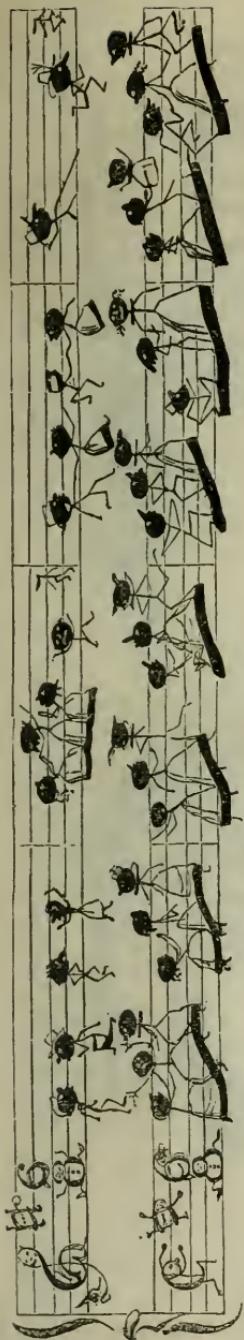
"Well, Harry, it's no good our discussing no longer; it's very evident you can't see straight!"

"No! I should like to know who could, *after looking at such a pair of legs as yours!*"

PHENOMENA WITNESSED BY SMITHERS, AFTER DINING AT HIS CLUB.



"POPPE GOES YE WEESEL!"

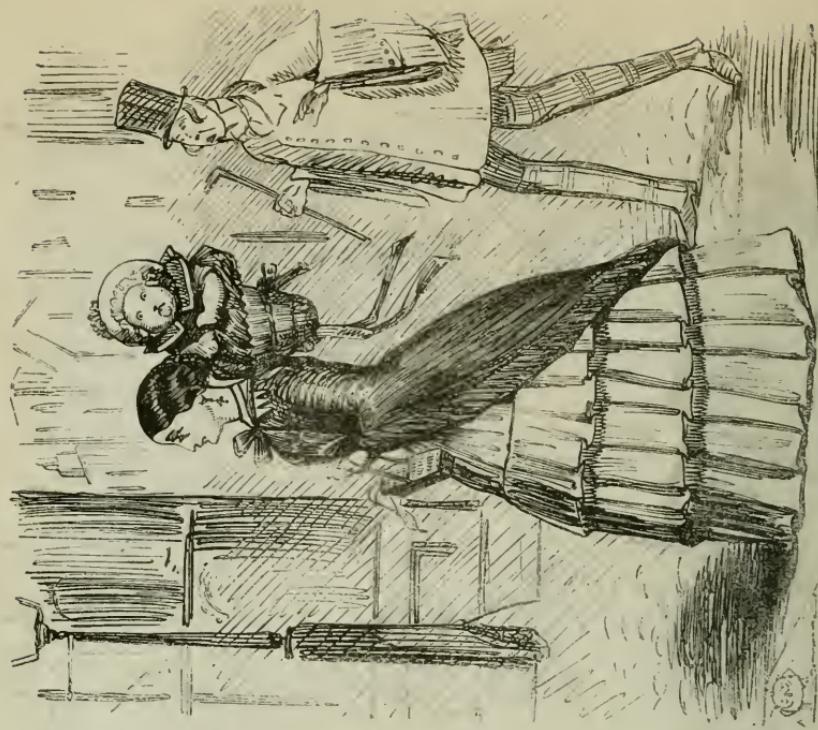


A DAMPER TO MILITARY ARDOUR.



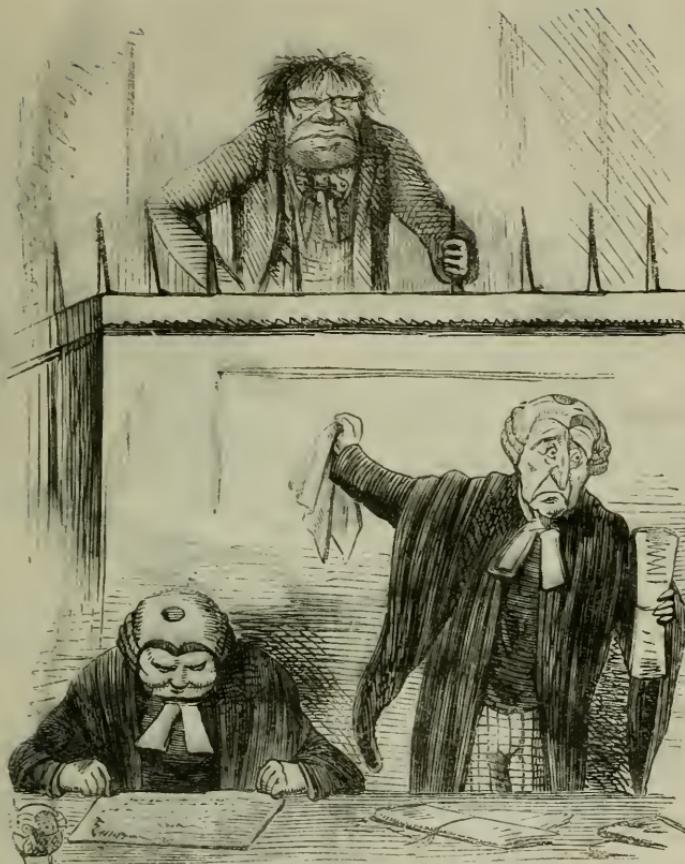
Tobias Hyson (to his Partner, who has joined the Militia).—“John, if thee will go out to fight, take care thee doesn’t cut down any of our customers!”

THE BONNET MOVEMENT.



“To this complexion must we come at last!”

A STRIKING APPEAL.



"Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I throw myself upon your impartial judgment, as husbands and fathers, and I confidently ask, Does the prisoner look like a man who would knock down and trample upon the wife of his bosom? Gentlemen—I have done!"

A GOOD CATCH.

The report of a recent cricket match states that the "Gentlemen of England" won by forty-nine runs. A fair acquaintance of ours, God bless her! says that the Gentlemen of England are always winning.

NOBLE ENTHUSIASM OF OUR FRIEND BROWN.



PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

By the electric telegraph, which is to be laid down between the Carlton, and the Reform Club, and the Houses of Parliament.

Sir FITZROY KELLY asked the House Steward why one of the claws of a lobster, which had been ordered to lie on the table, had been omitted.

Lord ADOLPHUS VANE moved for the return of a pocket-handkerchief, highly perfumed with Eau de Cologne, which he had left on his seat on the previous evening.

Mr. BROTHERTON complained to the Master of the Rolls that those with which he had been supplied of late were too highly baked.

Lord DUNDONALD having dined with a number of gentlemen, and explained his method of destroying the enemy, moved that a bill of the expenses be brought in immediately.

Colonel SIBTHORP, at the termination of a long and warm debate, moved for a glass of brandy-and-water.

Mr. WILLIAMS, having called for a cab, would object to any further proceeding until he had been made acquainted with the fare.

Admiral Sir CHARLES NAPIER, having ordered a dinner, which was not punctually prepared, took his seat, and the usual oaths.

WAXING WRATH.

THE Innkeepers declare they will certainly be ruined if they can no longer charge their customers for wax lights; or, at all events, it must lead to a *composition in the pound!*

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

WHATEVER may be the utility and convenience of the penny receipt stamp, it is certain that its introduction opens a wide field for extortion, as the Act strictly enjoins a tradesman never to settle an account *without sticking it on!*

THE wind doesn't behave well in winter; but in spring and summer it "turns over a new leaf."

WE frequently see advertisements connected with the Millinery and Dressmaking business headed, "Wanted an Improver." The public cry, in relation to the slavery of that trade, is, "Wanted an improvement."

SIGNS OF A NEAR APPROACH OF INFLUENZA.—Mr. Sims Reeves is advertised to sing at Exeter Hall, on Friday next.

TURKEY may or may not be partially successful against Russia; but England and France are determined that she shall be conqueror "on the main."

SANITARY REFORM FOR LADIES.

DEEPLY imbued as we are with admiration for the Board of Health, and their noble exertions during recent visitations, we cannot help regretting that so able a body should confine itself to waging war against the greater scourges only by which human life and health are endangered. If the Commissioners would look about them in society, they would see a hundred little influences at work—not quite so dangerous as bone-works, or intramural burial grounds, but still which require looking after. Much is said about the crowding of lodging-houses; have the Commissioners reflected upon the crowded state of full rooms? Is the indignation visited upon damp cellars consistent with the universal toleration of thin shoes? Is it just to compel the Newcastle workpeople to live out in tents, and offer no obstruction to flirting in staircases in thorough draughts? Shall ventilation prevail, and tight-lacing remain untouched?

It will be seen that the evils alluded to chiefly affect the ladies. In the absence of Government assistance, DIOGENES has resolved—Paladin as he is—unaided and alone, to take up the matter himself. He has organized an extensive scheme of Sanitary Reform for Ladies. As there is no way of appealing to their tender natures so effective as through the gentle voice of poetry, he has decided upon making a series of stirring songs the means to his glorious end. If, by his melodious pleadings, he should succeed in bringing a tinge of colour to one pallid cheek—adding so much as an inch to the circumference of one distorted waist—or release one tiny foot from its more than Chinese thrall—he will not have written in vain!

Having worked himself up to the proper pitch of excitement, he will commence the series with—

L.—T H E L O W - N E C K ' D D R E S S .

(AIR—“The Low-back'd Car.”)

WHEN first I saw Miss Clara,
A West-end Ball 'twas at,
A low-neck'd dress she wore, and near
The open door she sat;
But when that door was thriving oak,—
Exposed to tempests keen
And biting air
So much, 'twas ne'er
As the blooming girl I mean,—
As she sat in her Low-neck'd Dress,
Becoming, I must confess;
For of all the men round
Not one could be found
But look'd after the Low-neck'd Dress.

The Polka's tumult over,
The fondest of mammas
Her daughter calls, and hints at shawls;
But scornful “Huns” and “Ha's”
From Clara (artful goddess!)
The kind proposal meet—
Quite faint she feels—
She fairly reels—
She never could bear the heat!
So she sits in her Low-neck'd Dress;
But the heat would have troubled her less,
For long weeks will have roll'd
Ere she's rid of the cold
That she caught from the Low-neck'd Dress.

I'd rather see those shoulders
'Neath downy cloak of fur,
Or pilot coat, and round that throat
A ploughman's comforter;
For I'd know that tender bosom
Was safe from climate's ill,
And the heart so sweet
Would much longer beat
Than I now feel sure it will
While she clings to her Low-neck'd Dress.
I've proposed, and she answered “Yes.”
Next week it's to be,
But make sure I shall see
That it's not in a Low-neck'd Dress!



VILLIKINS AND HIS DIN'ER!



FRIGHTFUL CONSEQUENCE OF WEARING ARTIFICIAL OATS IN A LADY'S PONNET.



"I hates a Policeman's life, Sally. There aint no glory in it! I shall be off to the Roosian war!"

Sally.—"What, an' leave me?"

"I must, my dear,—I hears my country's voice a callin' me!"

Sally.—"What, and you'd give up all the cold meat?"

"Ah! there you touches my feelin's. No! second thoughts is best!"

A PIECE OF ASSURANCE.



Miserable Individual.—"I BELIEVE YOUR POLICIES ARE NOT VOID BY SUICIDE?"

Alarmed Accountant.—"N-o-o-o-o!"

Miserable Individual.—"THEN ASSURE ME FOR THE HEAVIEST AMOUNT POSSIBLE!"

A NEW BATHING MACHINE.



DEDICATED TO THE "HEADS" OF FAMILIES.



First Gent to Second ditto.—"NOW YOU STAND BACK; I KNOW THAT I SHALL SUCCEED.

BRIGHTON.



BOAT THIS MORNING, MUM? BEAUTIFUL MORNING FOR A QUIET ROW ALONG THE SHORE."

LIGHTNING.



Romantic Young Lady.—“OH, IS IT NOT MAGNIFICENT TO BEHOLD THE TUMULT OF NATURE WHEN THE MIGHTY ELEMENTS ARE AT WAR ?”

Augustus Frederick (with a trembling acquiescence).—“IT-T-T-T-T-T 'TIS, D-D-D-DEAR, VERY M-M-M-MAG—” (here a peal of thunder drowns his voice and his senses.)

THE THREE SYSTEMS OF MEDICINE.



ALLOPATHY.



HOMŒOPATHY.



HYDROPATHY.

A TENANT-AT-WILL.



Landlady.—“Mr. Rapid, without you immediately settle your rent, I shall be compelled to —— !”

Mr. R.—“Mrs. Wiggins, if you pester me with so little reference to my personal comfort, I'll bring an action against you for assault—I'll issue a *commissio de lunatico inquirendo*, upon which I'll certify for a *scire facias*, or a *noile prosequi*; and I'll send you into a *prima facie certiorari*, and sign a judgment of *quis clavis ambulator*, and make you pay your own costs!”

Landlady.—“Oh! oh dear, Sir! if that's the case, I'll gladly w-w-wait!”

PHRENOLOGY.



Venerable Enthusiast.—"YOU RECOGNIZE THIS BUST, OF COURSE?"

Indifferent Disciple.—"OH! WHY—YES—OF COURSE; THAT'S *GREENACRE*."

Venerable Enthusiast (much shocked).—"WHERE CAN YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION BE? WHY, IT'S ME!"

MUCH SHORTER.

DOCTOR CHARLES WILSON has written a volume of some hundreds of pages, to explain the *Path-o-logy* of Drunkenness. We could define it in two syllables—*Zigzag!*

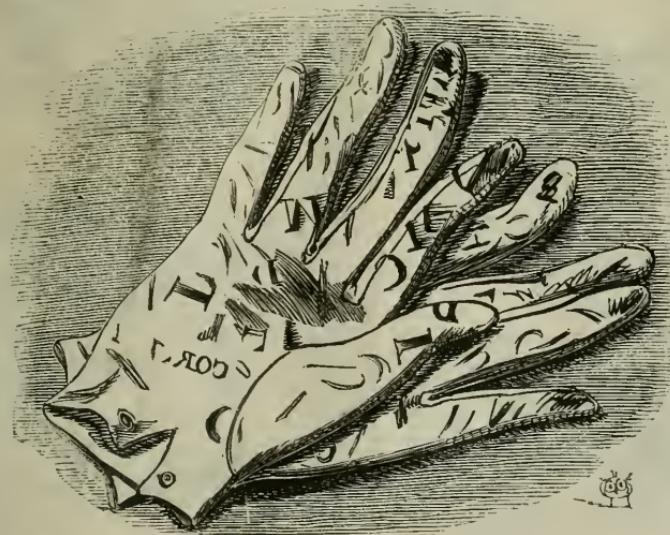
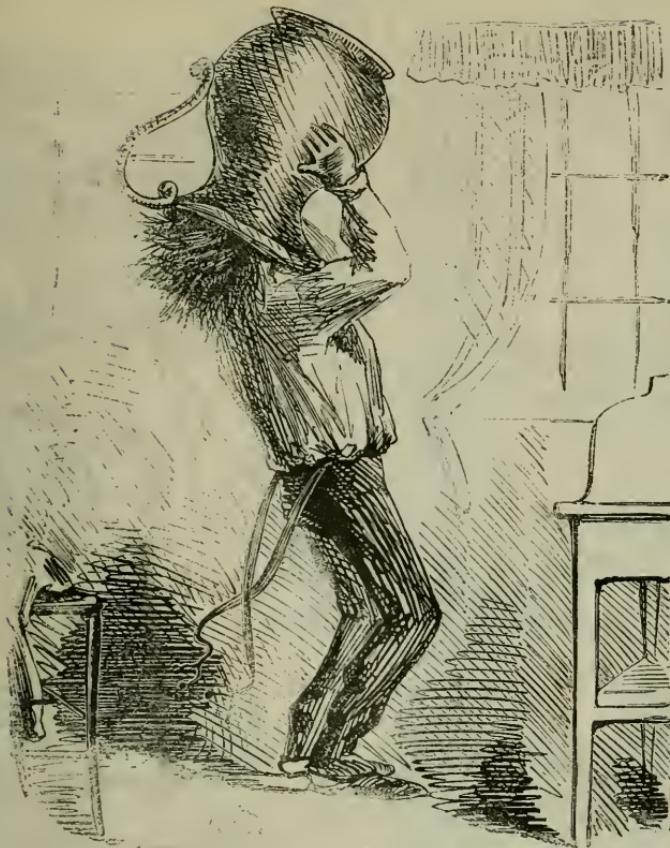
A QUESTIONABLE COMPLIMENT.



Gent.—"I DON'T THINK THE PUP'S THOROUGH BRED!"

Fancier.—"I AX YER HONOUR'S PARDON, BUT *YOU* OUGHT TO KNOW A PUPPY
AS WELL AS ANYBODY!"

JUGG'D HAIR



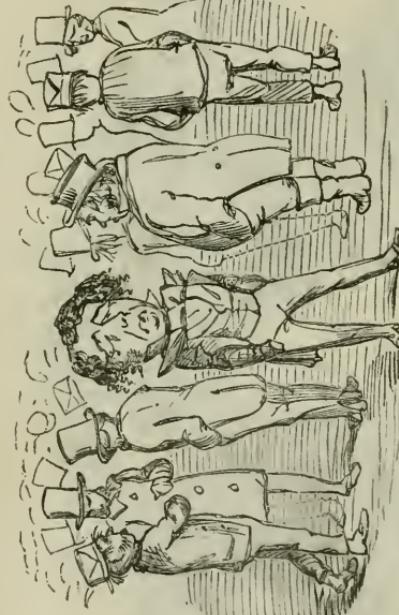
A PAIR OF KID GLOVES AS THEY APPEAR AFTER THE OWNER HAS CONSULTED
A BILL OF THE PLAY.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI: A PICTORIAL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

Quoted from the "TIMES" of Jan. 17, 1854, and Illustrated by our "OWL."



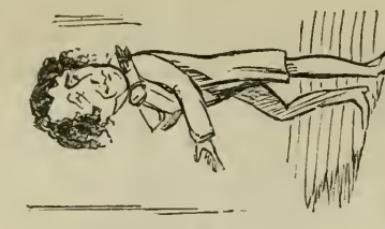
"What a model of pluck, of perseverance, of self-command, of endurance, of intellectual vigour, is this pale-faced, ringleted, imperturbable man!"



"Does the Nation's spirit thrill with delight and confidence at the name of DISRAELI?" "Nothing is more certain than that the people do not cherish the hero in their hearts."



"Satan is graphically defined in a sentence, when he is styled 'Intellect without God!'"



"Say that BEN. DISRAELI is 'Genius without Conscience, and you have his character in three words."



"At different times of his life he has called SIR ROBERT FEEB the greatest and the smallest statesman."



"Mr. O'CONNELL the bloodiest demagogue and the finest patriot."



"What of that?"



"LORD PALMERSTON the most incompetent official and the most venomous minister—

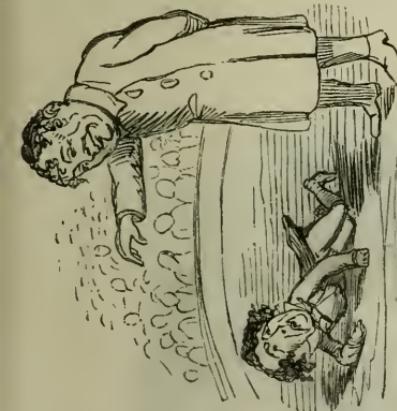


"Sir ROBERT's arm is just the one to carry an eager man to power, Mr. DISRAELI, unmasked, takes hold of it. He is proud to follow such a man."

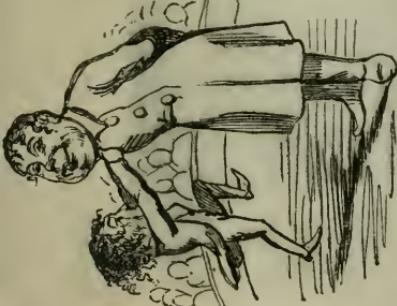


"The spirit of BENJAMIN DISRAELI rose from the ground, brushed the sawdust from its knees, stood up calm and unmoved,"

"His first effort against Goliath sent young David sprawling."



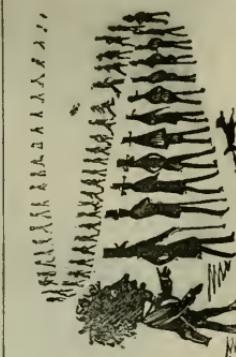
"The young gladiator had scarcely taken his seat in the House of Commons before he had his grip upon O'CONNELL's neck."



"The young gladiator had scarcely taken his seat in the House of Commons before he had his grip upon O'CONNELL's neck."



"Twelve Peers were ready to retire if Mr. DISRAELI should be elected Leader of the Opposition."



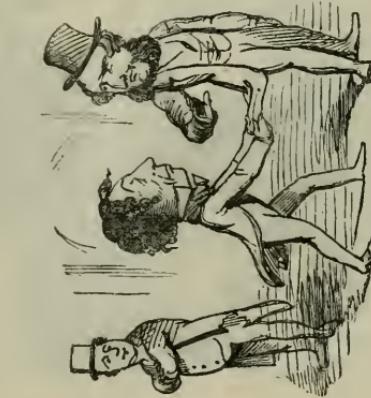
"Fifty-odd men of his party deserted him altogether!"



"In 1852 Mr. DISRAELI was Chancellor of the Exchequer!"



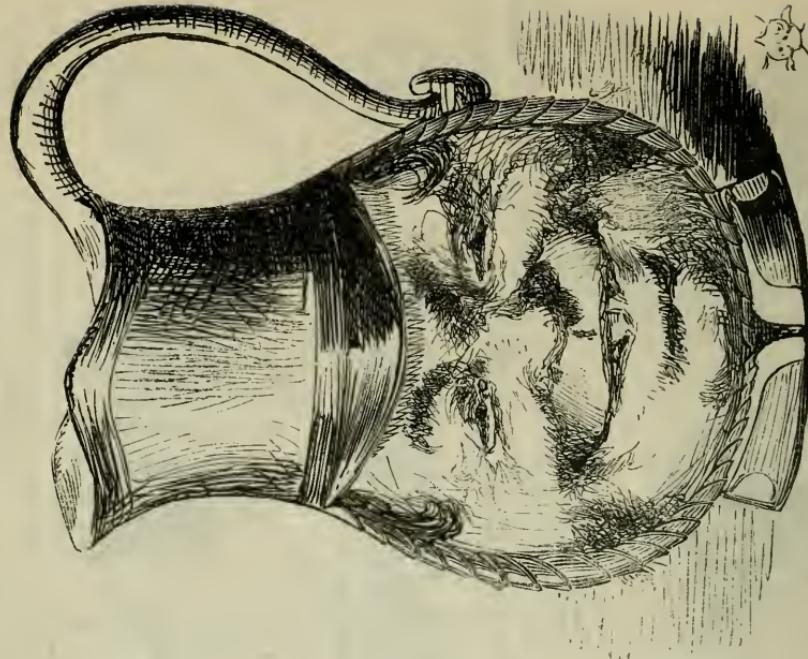
"Even W. B.!"



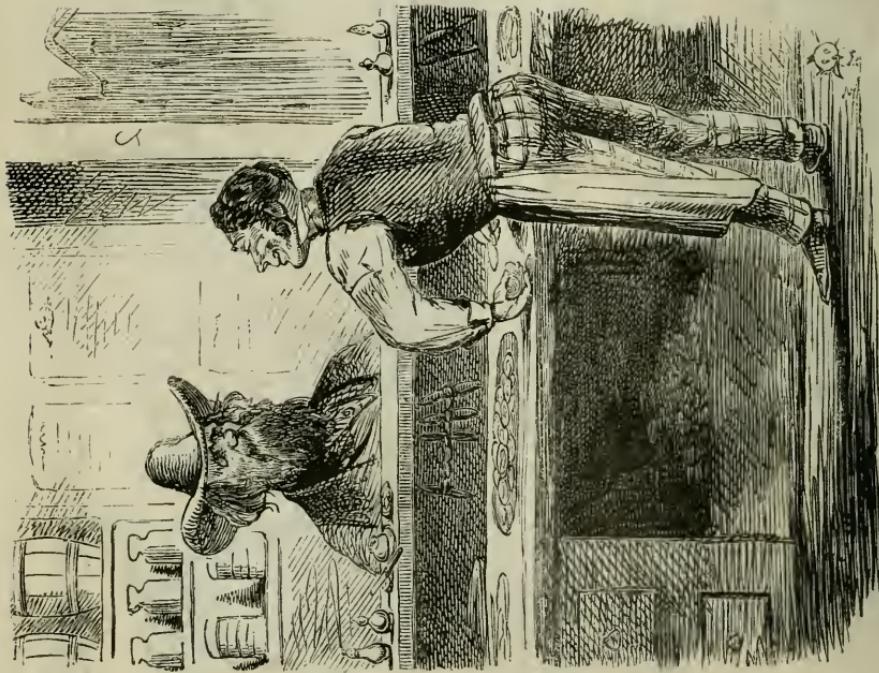
"When MR. DISRAELI forsook the tail of SIR RODERICK PEEL, he clung at once to another man's coat!"

"Where is he new?"

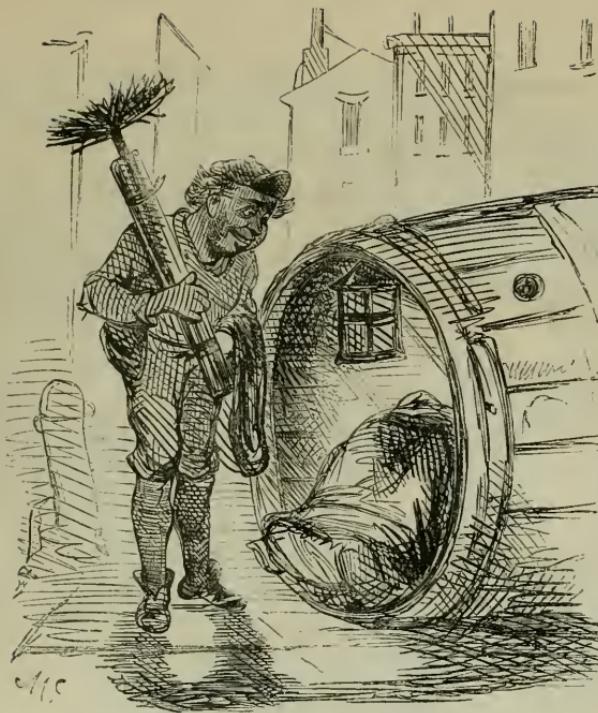
THE PATRIOTIC MUG!



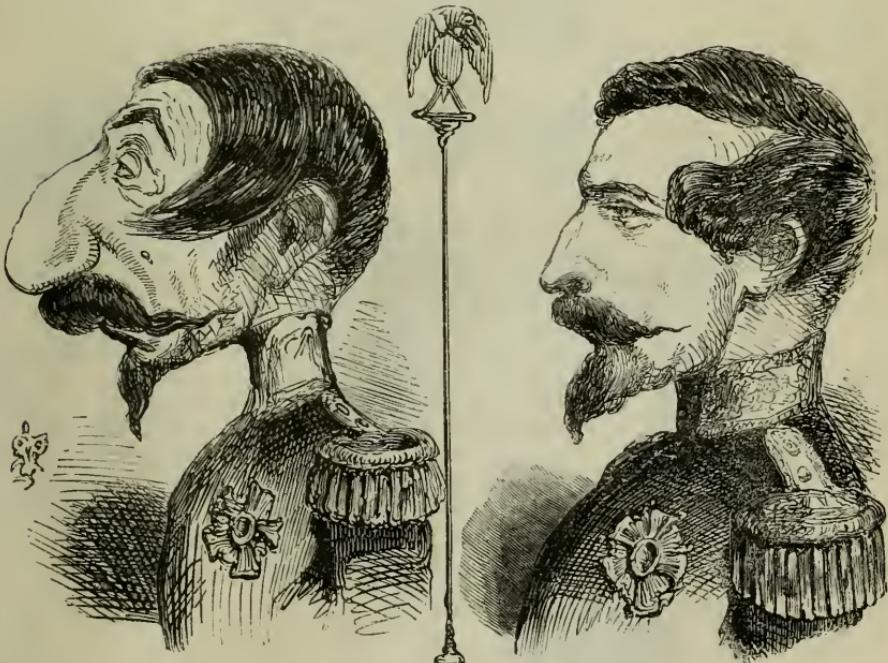
The Newspapers advertise a Patriotic Mug. The above is the only genuine design.



Sarcastic Shopman.—"TAKE 'EM WITH THE BEARD OFF, SIR!"



WANT YER CHIMLEY SWEPT, OLD FELLER?"



Wonderful effect of the "Alliance Balm" for beautifying the Face and Complexion, as
testified by the Press generally, and the Illustrated Papers in particular.

DIogenes' EXCELSIOR !

 HE carriages were filling fast,
When o'er a railway platform pass'd
A youth who bore, with tread precise,
A paper with this bold device,

DIogenes !

His arm a parcel held beneath ;
He drew a number from its sheath,
And shouted with well-practised lung
Accents that through the station rung,

DIogenes !

In happy hours he saw the light,—
The Cynic's lantern glowing bright ;
Resolved to make its lustre known,
His lips soon gave the welcome tone,

DIogenes !

“One hither pass,” an old man said
(Life's tempests snowed his aged head) ;
He oped his mouth with laughter wide,
While still the clamorous vendor cried

DIogenes !

“Oh, stay !” a maiden cried ; the rest
Around her were as much impress'd ;
Each looking forth with eager eye,
Urging the vendor to supply

DIogenes !

Beware ! the train moves from the branch ;
The sheets fly like an avalanche !
The boy's blue eyes with pleasure shine,
While voices shout far up the line,

DIogenes

Far on the way, with breaks down hard,
Two trains each other rush toward ;
And midst the wreck so fearful there,
Voices are heard still loud and clear,

DIogenes !

A traveller on a rugged mound
Was in a hundred pieces found ;
His hand still grasped, though cold as ice,
That paper with its bold device,

DIogenes !

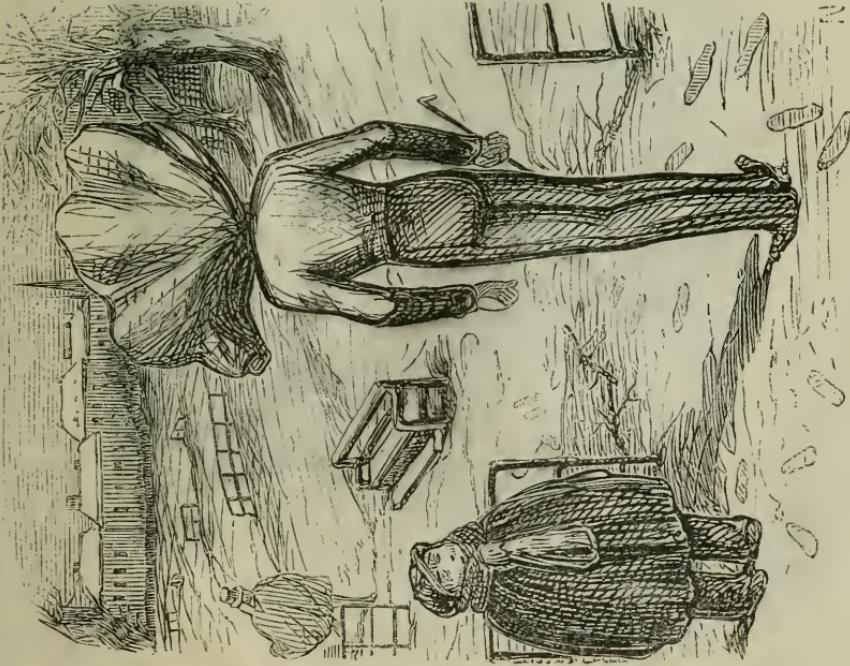
There, as he torn and lifeless lay,
Smiles seem'd around his lips to play :
Still in the air his accents are,
And echo through each passing car,

DIogenes

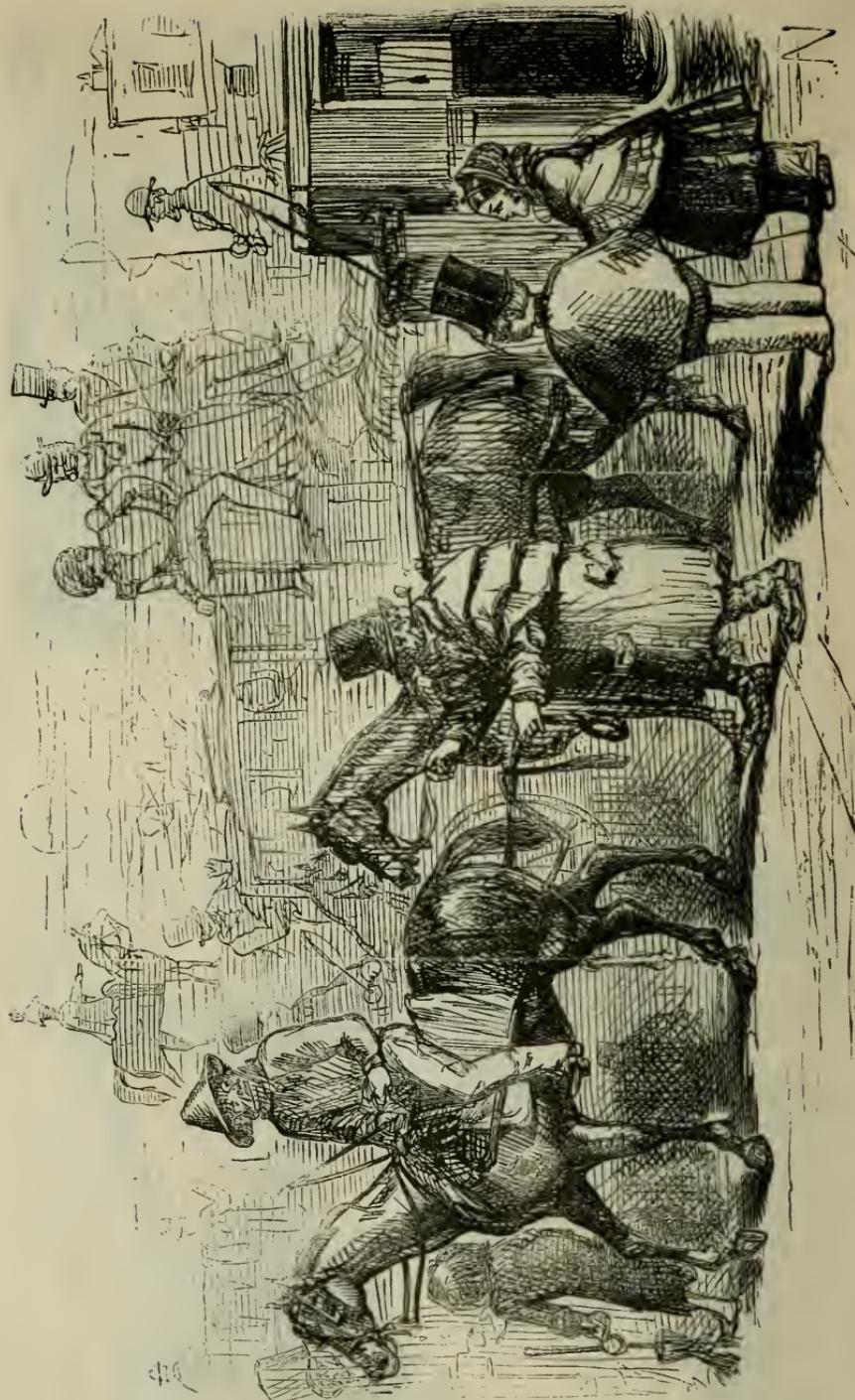
“ HOLLOW, OLD FELLER ! THERE YE ARE ! I’M ASHAMED ON YER, A
MAN O’ YOUR EARS ORT’ KNOW BETTER. WHERE WOS YER BROUT UP ? ”



HOW THEY PROVIDE FOR THE COMFORTS OF OUR ARMY.

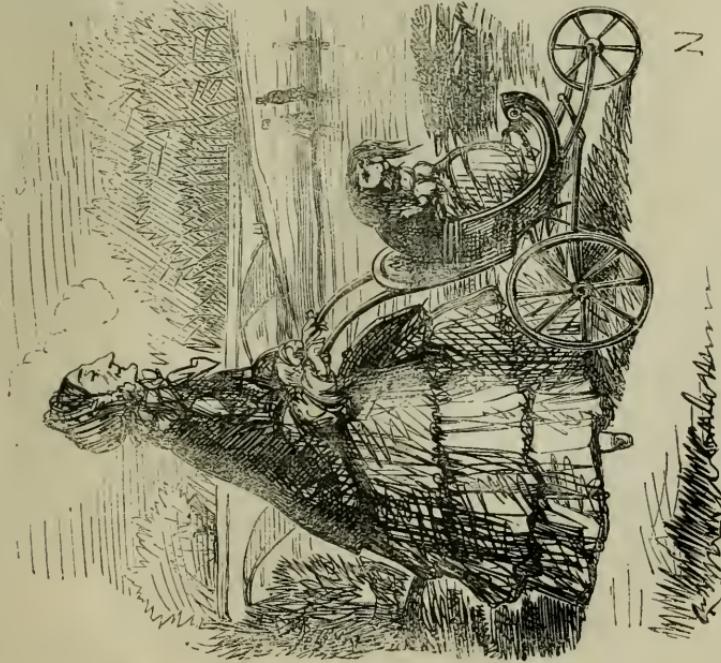


A PRUDENT MEASURE.

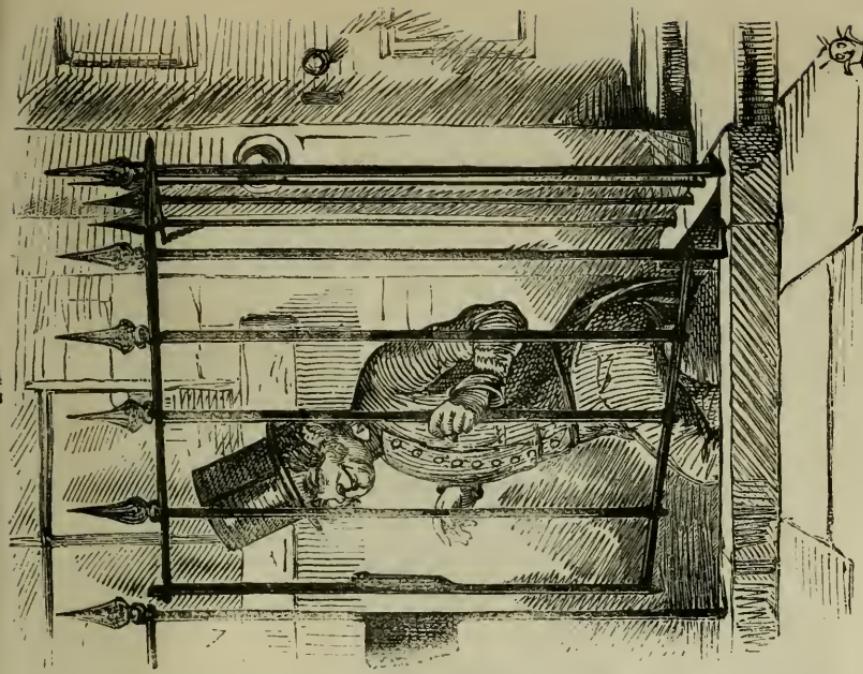


MASTER CHARLEY, UNDER THE RESPONSIBILITY OF TAKING HIS SISTER TO DRURY LANE, ENGAGES THE EXTRA HORSE FOR THE
ASPECT OF THE

THE PERAMBULATOR.



*Showing that this useful little invention may even be made available
for Ladies who enjoy single blessedness.*



“THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.”

TRAVELLERS, WHO'VE SO OFT BEEN BLED



RAVELLERS, who've so oft been bled,
When you're poorly lodged and fed,
At the Blue Boar or King's Head,
Or the Victory ;
Ye, who've paid a crown or so,
For a pint of Cape or sloe,
Join your powers to overthrow
Such cool knavery !

Down with every monstrous tax—
Chambermaids, and lights of wax !
Who will pay for these, I ax,
Shillings two or three ?
With each breast the feeling chimes,
Well to punish such foul crimes ;
To the castigating *Times*,
Biffin, write with me !

By the dinners, dear and bad,
By the items never had,
Charged and paid for, yet too glad
To escape so free,—
Deal Mine Host a deadly blow ;
Tell the Boots that he may go
To the gentleman below
Forward—what a spree !

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

THOUGH the mornings are light, and the evenings bright,
And the green leaves of summer the trees on, the trees on,
Fashion bids us from town to be off with a frown,
For we've come to the end of the season, the season.

The last Chiswick fête has been long out of date,
The Botanical Gardens are over, are over ;
So a fête or a garden at Paris or Baden
We're to find (*if bon ton*) via Dover, by Dover.

The Academy's closed, and the pictures disposed
Of, so seek we in Paris the Louvre, the Louvre ;
And to Chobham's famed camp we no longer will tramp,
But at Satory watch each manœuvre, manœuvre.

The opera's done; there's an end to the fun
Of *aria, duo, cabaletta, -baletta* ;
So music we'll seek in La Seala next week,
Or perhaps, further south, in Valetta, Valetta.

Each Parliament-house has gone after the grouse,
Or a foray for stags is a leading, a leading ;
So for woodcocks erratic we'll seek th' Adriatic,
Or carry a fly-rod to Sweden, to Sweden.

The ice, too, at Grange's (so mighty the change is
Of weather) to eat is scarce fit, Sir, scarce fit, Sir ;
While Mont Blanc, in his show, recommends us to go
At once on a trip to the Switzer, the Switzer.

So, with home being tired, or travelling fired,
Or fix'd by some other good reason, good reason,
Our passports we'll get, and then off we'll set,
For we've come to the end of the season, the season.

ASTOUNDING FACT.

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THIS wonderful discovery is calculated to supersede all medicines, and is the only true remedy for lowness of spirits, affections of the heart, irregularity of the liver, and a variety of other complaints "which flesh is heir to." The dose to be taken is two-pennyworth weekly, and a speedy and certain cure is guaranteed.

From upwards of twenty thousand testimonials which we have received, we beg to offer the following to the notice of our readers:—

Mount Pleasant, August 20.

DEAR DIOGENES,—I owe you a thousand thanks for the benefits I have derived from your invaluable remedy, and, indeed, for which I feel that I can never be sufficiently grateful. Never was any change more palpable than in my case. Twelve months ago I was morose, sullen, and discontented; and, I blush to say, that on more than one occasion I had the brutality to beat my wife and kick my children. Now, however, ever since I have taken a weekly dose of DIOGENES, everything goes on well; my wife and I smile on each other, and our little dears have all your jokes on their fingers' ends.

Go on and prosper is the sincere wish of

Yours, greatly obliged,

BENJAMIN BAXTER.

Crab-tree Villa, Clapton, 6th of the 7th month.

RESPECTED FRIEND,—Verily the spirit hath moved thee, for thy production savoureth of exceeding good jests. Friend Ephraim and I have conversed with many of our Society concerning thee, and have read aloud some of thy papers, at which there hath been much smiling, both among old and young. Send three more Numbers weekly; and be sure that thou direct them to be brought round by the back entrance.

Thine,

EZEKIEL GRUBB.

Tavistock, two in the morning.

DEAR DIO.—How are you, old fellow? Your last week's Number did me good, and no mistake. You don't know my old governor—no matter: he's a crusty card, but uncommonly fond of a good joke. Well, last week I saw a splendid Tit at Anderson's—quite the cheese; but then how was I to coax the governor to stump up the ready. Turning all this over in my mind, and walking along Piccadilly in deuced low spirits, I happened to see a crowd of people standing round a stationer's shop window, and found that they were twitting your last Number. I thought that I should like to see it, so I bought, and what's more, I read it; and by the time I reached home, I felt myself as right as a trivet. Dad and I dined together that evening; and, as we sat over our port (which, by-the-by, is deuced slow), I let fly some of your jokes, which tickled him so mightily, that I thought the old boy would have split his waistcoat in two. So, thinking this a good opportunity—as the debates say, I moved the previous question, mentioned the nag, dwelt on his fine points, lowness of price, and all that sort of thing, and got over him in first-rate style; in fact, he came down like a brick—and all through you, you old trump. Shove my name down for a dozen copies a week; and if you are passing the Tavistock, and have nothing better to do, just drop in and see a fellow.

Yours,

CHARLEY SPRIGGS.

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